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HYMN TUNES AND CAROLS

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October, 1908.

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72	Pater Omnipotens	Six 10's.	" " 4. (Skeffington.)
30	Vita Brevis	7.6.7.6.	Merbecke, No. 2.
60	Until He come	8.8.8.4.	Church Monthly, 1904.
48	Lambourne	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Hymns A. & M., 422.
20	Zion	6.4.8.4.4.8.8.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1901.
63	Israel	8.8.8.8.—8.8.	Church Hymnary, 204.
52	Wanborough	8.7.8.7. D.	Additional Hymns, 943.
2	Exaudi Deus	C.M.	Church Monthly, 1904.
29	St. Faith	7.5.7.5.7.7.	Hymns A. & M., 570.
80	Victoria the Good	Irregular.	The Quiver, 1897.
64	Holy Faith	8.8.8.8.—8.8.	Additional Hymns, 890.
62	Crown of Years	8.8.8.8.—8.8.	Birthday Hys. (Skeffington.)
28	Glencreggan	6.6.8.6.8.8.	West. Abbey Hy. Bk., 368.
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34	Hylands	7.6.7.6. D.	Church Monthly, 1898.
55	Shene	8.7.8.7. D.	S. L. Chs. Festival, 1908.
36	Deo Gloria	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.	Methodist Hy. Bk., 134.
65	Recessional	8.8.8.8.—8.8.	Parish Choir Book, 772.
79	Compton	Irregular.	Methodist Hy. Bk., 22.
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9	St. Ronan	D.C.M.	Parish Choir Book, 795.
46	Oldcastles	8.7.8.7.4.7.	Nineteenth Century Service.
68	Through peace to light	10.4.10.4.	Home Hymn Bk., 2nd Ed., 126.
51	St. Clement	8.7.8.7. D.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1892.
21	Ashbury	6.5.6.5. D.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1878.
82	Carols, 55.
19	All in all	6.4.6.4. D.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1895.
15	St. Bernard	L.M.	Church Hymnary, 255.
83	Carols, 339.
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33	Ludgate	7.6.7.6. D.	
22	Thorverton	6.5., 12 lines.	Lond. Greg. Ch. Assn., 1893.
17	St. Christopher	D.L.M.	(Parish Choir Book, 742.
18	Britain		(Parish Choir Book, 794.
84	Carols, 302.
78	Laus	15.15.15.15.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1893.
38	Coldinghame	7.7.7.6.	War Hymns, 10.
41	Warkworth	8.4.8.4.8.4.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1897.
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31	Sto ad ostium	7.6.7.6. D.	Church Hymnary, 161.
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59	Shellow	8.8.6.8.8.6.	Quiver.
35	Eastbury	7.6.7.6. D.	Church of Eng. Hymnal, 428.
5	St. Abbs	D.C.M.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1900.
54	Supplication	8.7.8.7. D.	Church Monthly, 1908.
42	Alnmouth	8.6.8.6.8.6.	Quiver, 1898.
23	City of God	6.6.6.6.6.6.	Day School Hy. Bk., 102.
43	Rushton	8.6.8.6.8.8.8.	West. Abbey Hy. Bk., 332.
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74	Billingbear	10.10.11.11.	Church Monthly, 1901.
45	St. Helen	8.7.8.7.4.7.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1881.
44	Rothbury	8.7.8.7.	Quiver.
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24	Gaudia	6.6.6.6.8.8.	Quiver, 1897.
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40	Rudgwick	Eight 7's.	West. Abbey Hy. Bk., 98.
11	Evening	L.M.	(Quiver, 1894.
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66	Gratias Deo	8.10.10.10.10.8.	Thanksgiving Hymns, 2.
27	St. Mildred	6.6.8.6.6.8.4.	Church Monthly, 1893.
32	Cephas... ..	7.6.7.6. D.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1888.
14	Vox Dei	L.M.	Thanksgiving Hys., 5.(Novello.)
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26	Pilgrimage	6.6.8.4.	Home Messenger, 1907.
81	Commonwealth.
57	Mildenhall	8.8.6.8.8.6.	Church of Eng. Hymnal, 452.
47	Ramsbury	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Church Monthly, 1907.
39	Innocents	7.7.7.7.	Church Monthly, 1903.
67	Exultation	9.8.9.8.	Church Monthly, 1889.
76	Creation	13.12.13.12.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1896.
49	St. Martin	8.7.8.7.7.7.	Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn., 1895.
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7	Our heroes	D.C.M.	Church Monthly, 1895.
53	Christus	8.7.8.7. D.	Church Monthly, 1897.
73	Peace	Six 10's.	Hys. after War, 4.(Skeffington.)

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		Wordsworth, Elizabeth	38

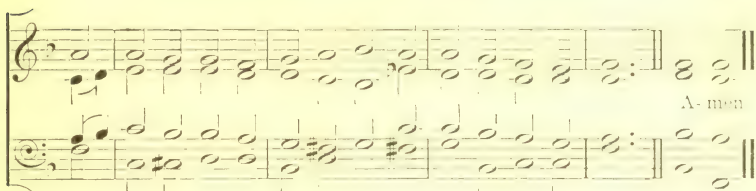
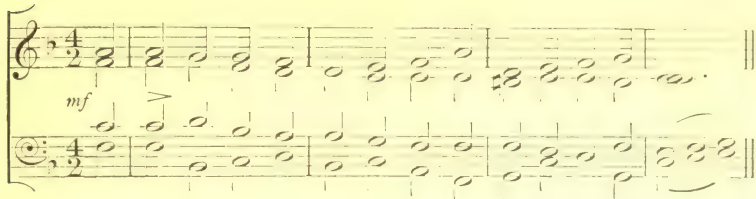
EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS.

ABBREVIATIONS.	COLLECTIONS, OR SOURCE OF TUNE.
Additional Hymns	Additional Hymns for use with any other Church Hymnal, 1903. (Novello.)
American Hymnal	The Hymnal, edited by Dr. H. Parker (New York), 1902.
Birthday Hys. (Skeffington)	Three Hymns for the Queen's (Victoria) 80th Birthday. (Skeffington.)
Carols	Novello's Christmas Carols.
Cath. Hymns	Catholic Hymns, edited by A. E. Tozer.
Church Hymnary	The Church Hymnary, 1898. (Frowde.)
Church Monthly	The Church Monthly.
Church of Eng. Hymnal	The Church of England Hymnal, 1894.
C. M. Hymn Book	The Church Missionary Hymn Book, 1899.
Commonwealth	The Commonwealth.
Coronation Hys., 1. (Novello)	Eight Hymns with Tunes for use in celebration of the Coronation, 1902. No. 1. (Novello.)
Coronation Hys., 4. (Skeffington)	Hymns for the Coronation, No. 4. (Skeffington.)
Day School Hy. Bk.	The Day School Hymn Book, 1896. (Novello.)
Home Hymn Book	The Home Hymn Book, 2nd Ed., 1889. (Novello.)
Home Messenger	The Home Messenger, 1907.
Hymns A. & M.	Hymns Ancient and Modern, Complete Edition, 1889.
Hys. after War	Hymns of Thanksgiving after War. (Skeffington.)
Jubilee Hys. (Novello)	Twelve Hymns, for the Queen's Long Reign, 1897. (Novello.)
Jubilee Hys. (Skeffington)	Hymns for use during 1897. (Skeffington.)
Lond. Ch. Ch. Assn.	London Church Choir Association Festival Book.
Lond. Greg. Ch. Assn.	London Gregorian Choral Association Festival Book.
Merbecke	The Order for the Burial of the Dead. Merbecke. (Novello.)
Methodist Hy. Bk.	The Methodist Hymn Book (1904).
Parish Choir Book	Novello's Parish Choir Book.
Quiver	The Quiver. (Cassell.)
Nineteenth Century Service	A Form of Prayer used at the Service in St. Paul's Cathedral at the Close of the 19th Century.
S. L. Chs. Festival	South London Choirs Festival Book, 1908. Southwark Cathedral.
S.P.G. Bicentenary	Hymns, Sonnets and other Poems for the Bicentenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1900.
Thanksgiving Hymns	Hymns for Thanksgiving after War. (Novello.)
War Hymns	Hymns for use in Time of War. (Novello.)
West. Abbey Hy. Bk.	The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book, 1897. (Novello.)

1 Our God of Love, Who reigns above.

GOD OF LOVE.

C.M.



1.

OUR God of Love, Who reigns above,
Comes down to us below;
'Tis sweet to tell He loves us well,
And 'tis enough to know!

2.

So deep, so high—like air and sky,
Beyond us, yet around—
He Whom our mind can never find
Can in our hearts be found.

3.

Lord God, so far, past sun and star,
Yet close to all our ways!
In love so near, be pleased to hear
Thy little children's praise.

4.

Oh, may that sign that we are Thine—
Our Father, Saviour, Friend—
Which sealed our brow, be on us now,
And with us to the end.

5.

Through all our way, and every day,
Believed, beloved, adored,
Be this our grace to see Thy Face
In Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Rev. S. J. STONE.

2 Eternal God, to Thy pure Throne.

EXAUDI DEUS.

C.M.



1.

ETERNAL God, to Thy pure Throne
We lift our hearts this day,
And at Thy feet in penitence
Our faults and sins we lay.

2.

We are of Thee; yet not of Thee
The sin Thy laws disclose;
Thy holiness can never be
The source whence evil flows.

3.

And yet from Thee in bounteous
streams
Love pours to purge our sin;
And Thy great Father-heart of love
Takes e'en the sinful in.

4.

Thy dwelling-place no shadow
hath:
Our life is dark with woe;
Teach us to do Thy perfect will,
That we Thy peace may know.

5.

Give faith to those who walk in
doubt,
And rest to those who sigh;
Give strength to those who cry for
Yet feel no succour nigh. [help,

6.

Give steadfast trust to those who feel
Life's pilgrimage nigh o'er,
And light the lamp of hope in those
Who near death's opening door.

7.

From out behind the clouds of earth
May Heaven's bright star appear
To all who seek the light of Heaven
While yet they linger here.

8.

All praise and glory be to Thee—
Blest Source of Heavenly love—
Whom angel-hosts and white-robed
saints
Adore in realms above. Amen.

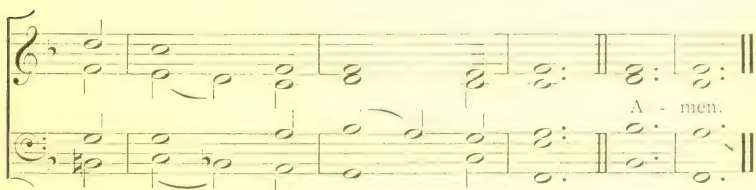
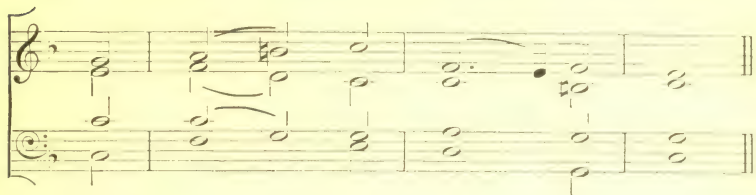
REV. W. J. HOCKING.

3

for a closer walk with God.

WELFORD.

C.M.



1.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and Heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

3.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

4.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee.

5.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

WM. COWPER.

4 From every clime, from every shore.

BERNERS.

D.C.M.

Firmly, and with strong accent.

The first system of musical notation is for a piano accompaniment. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/2 time and B-flat major. The treble staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of accented eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It maintains the same musical style with accented notes and harmonic support in the treble and bass staves.

mp

The third system of musical notation shows a change in dynamics to mezzo-piano (mp). The treble staff continues with accented figures, while the bass staff has a more active, rhythmic part.

f Amen.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a forte (f) dynamic. It features a final cadence with accented notes and a clear 'Amen.' marking at the end of the phrase.

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FROM EVERY CLIME, FROM EVERY SHORE.

- 1 FROM every clime, from every shore
Where England's sons are found,
Glad praises unto God outpour,
And loud thanksgivings sound;
For He hath saved our gracious Queen
Through many glorious years;
In peace and war His strength hath been
Her shield 'mid storms and fears.
- 2 When Deborah ruled, a leader blest,
In ancient Israel,
The land for forty years had rest,
Because she ruled well.
So God to us hath given peace,
And to our Queen renown,
Her arms prevail, and tumults cease,
And glory gilds the crown.
- 3 "O give the King Thy judgements, Lord,"
So sang the seer of old,
Then rich and poor in glad accord
Thy glory shall behold;
And peace shall still with hovering wing
The war-note's shuddering clang,
And hills and valleys glad shall sing
The song that angels sang.
- 4 The power that royal hands display
Doth come, O Lord, from Thee;
O then 'tis well when earthly sway
Reflects Thy majesty.
Then grant our Queen, blest Trinity,
Still many years to live,
And may each year be given to Thee,
That Thou to her dost give!
- 5 And when the good Queen home hath fared,
Her work on earth complete,
Grant her to find a home prepared
Beneath her Saviour's feet;
Who, when a Babe in manger-bed,
Saw kings their presents pour,
And on the Cross above His Head
The royal title bore. Amen.

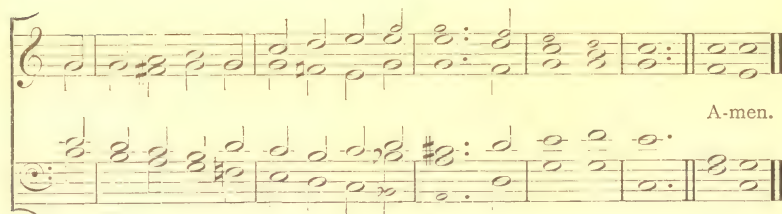
REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS.

5 O praise our Great and Gracious Lord.

ST. ABBS.

D.C.M.

With dignity.



O PRAISE OUR GREAT AND GRACIOUS LORD.

I.

f O PRAISE our Great and Gracious Lord,
And call upon His Name;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim;
mf Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promised land;
Tell how His covenant of grace
f Unchanged shall ever stand.

2.

mf He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
The moving fire by night;
To guide His Israel on their way,
He made their darkness light;
And have not we a sure retreat,
A Saviour ever nigh,
cr. The same clear light to guide our feet,
The Day-spring from on high?

3.

mf We too have Manna from above,
The Bread that came from Heav'n;
To us the same kind hand of love
Hath living waters given.
A Rock we have, from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows;
f That rock is Christ, our Priest, our King,
Who life and health bestows.

4.

mf O may we prize this blessèd Food,
And trust our heavenly Guide;
p So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide,
cr. And safely reach that happy shore,
p The land of peace and rest,
cr. Where Angels worship and adore,
In God's own Presence blest. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER (1829).

6 Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt find.

WALK WITH GOD.

D.C.M.



OH, WALK WITH GOD, AND THOU SHALT FIND.

1.

Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt find
How He can charm thy way,
And lead thee with a quiet mind
Into the perfect day!
His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
That bathes the drooping flow'r;
That love is ev'ry morning new,
Nor fails at ev'ning hour.

2.

Oh, walk with God, and thou with smiles
Shalt tread the way of tears;
His mercy ev'ry ill beguiles,
And softens all our fears.
No fire shall harm thee, if, alas!
Through fires He bids thee go;
Through waters when thy footsteps pass,
They shall not overflow.

3.

Oh, walk with God, while thou on earth
With pilgrim steps must fare,
Content to leave the world its mirth,
And claim no dwelling there.
A stranger, thou must seek a home
Beyond the fearful tide,
And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
Oh, who but God can guide?

4.

Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt go
Down death's dark vale in light,
And find thy faithful walk below
Hath reach'd to Zion's height.
Oh, walk with God, if thou would'st see
Thy pathway thither tend;
And, ling'ring though thy journey be,
'Tis heav'n and home at end. Amen.

Bp. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE (1844).

7 We sing the glorious-hearted band.

OUR HEROES.

D.C.M.

Vigoroso.

mf

The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody starts on a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody from the first system. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

molto rall.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Slower, and with great emphasis.

ff

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff has a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

WE SING THE GLORIOUS-HEARTED BAND.



I.

We sing the glorious-hearted band
 Who in the days of old
 Gave up their time to free our land
 From Alcohol's grim hold!
 They heeded not the scorn and sneers
 Of those who thought them wrong,
 But bravely fought all doubts and fears,
 And kept their courage strong!

All hail we then the noble men!
 The men who led the fight!
 We say again, "God bless the men
 Who live for Truth and Right!"

2.

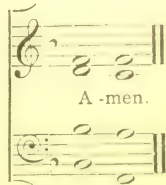
Come, patriots, join us in our song!
 Sing of the good and true,
 Who worked with mind, and pen, and tongue,
 Who strove that we and you
 Might find ourselves in happier days,
 With less of sin and strife;
 Come, give these heroes hearty praise,
 The dead—and those in life!

All hail we then the noble men!
 The men who led the fight!
 We say again, "God bless the men
 Who live for Truth and Right!"

3.

Wherever Temperance men are found,
 Where'er the Truth is sown,
 The praises of these men shall sound,
 Their noble deeds be known!
 We Britons never can forget
 These heroes we have seen,
 The happy hours when they we met
 Shall keep their memories green!

All hail we then the noble men!
 The men who led the fight!
 We say again, "God bless the men
 Who live for Truth and Right!"

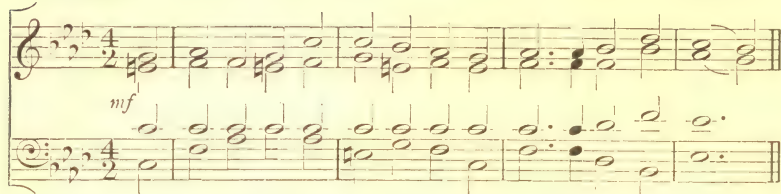


FREDK. SHERLOCK.

8 My Jesus, say, what wretch has dared.

VARALLO.

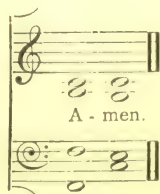
D.C.M.



1 My Jesus, say, what wretch has dared
 Thy sacred Hands to bind?
 And who has dared to buffet so
 Thy Face so meek and kind?
 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
 Yet, Jesus, pity take;
 Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
 For Thy sweet mercy's sake.

MY JESUS, SAY, WHAT WRETCH HAS DARED.

- 2 My Jesus, who with spittle vile
Profaned Thy sacred Brow?
And whose un pitying scourge has made
Thy precious Blood to flow?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take;
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.
- 3 My Jesus, whose the hands that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy Cross
Which weighs Thy shoulders down?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take;
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.
- 4 My Jesus, who has mocked Thy thirst
With vinegar and gall?
Who held the nails that pierced Thy Hands,
And made the hammer fall?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take;
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.
- 5 My Jesus, say, who dared to nail
Those tender Feet of Thine?
And whose the arm that raised the lance
To pierce that Heart divine?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take;
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.
- 6 And Mary, who has murdered thus
Thy loved and only One?
Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand
That robbed thee of thy Son?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been
To Jesus and to thee;
Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake,
And pray to Him for me.

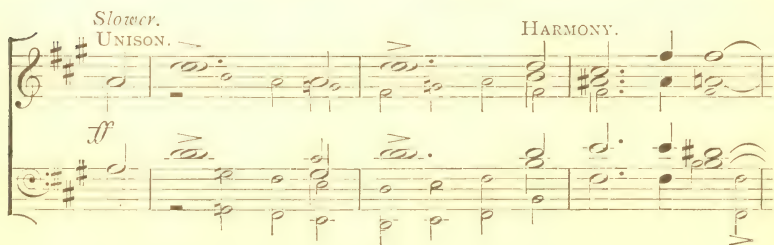
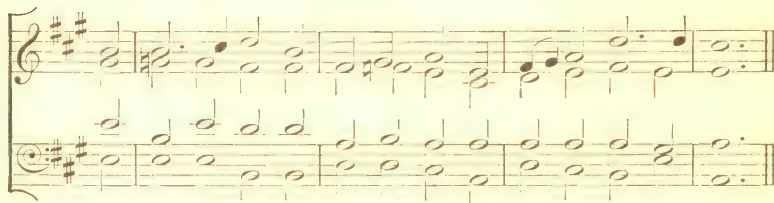
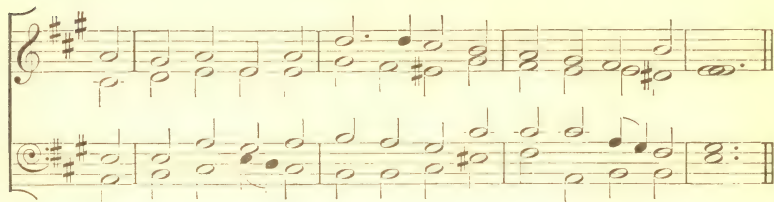


ALPHONSO M. DE LIGUORI *tr.* E. VAUGHAN.

9 Go forth, go forth to win the world.

ST. RONAN.

D.C.M.



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GO FORTH, GO FORTH TO WIN THE WORLD.

1.

Go forth, go forth to win the world,
Hosts of the Lord of life;
Beneath His banner wide unfurled
Press forward to the strife.
What though the fight be fierce and long,
The fight with doubt and Death—
One heart, one voice, uplift the song,
The deathless song of Faith!

2.

By land and sea though sundered far
Yet in one Name enrolled,
One Church, one creed, one holy war,
One Shepherd and one fold;
One purpose true, one courage strong,
One hope in God above—
One heart, one voice, uplift the song,
The deathless song of Love!

3.

Heed not the clouds that darkly roll,
The chilling mists of fear,
In every trusting, steadfast soul,
God makes His presence clear.
Faint not nor fail! for strife and wrong
In His good time shall cease—
One heart, one voice, uplift the song,
The deathless song of Peace!

4.

Go forth, go forth the world to win,
Christ's soldiers tried and true;
Against the rallying hosts of Sin
Close up your ranks anew.
Till with the glad, celestial throng,
Where Saints their triumph raise—
One heart, one voice, ye lift the song,
The deathless song of Praise! Amen.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

SPEAN.

Slowly. $\text{♩} = 66$.

D.S.M.

UNISON.

f

dim. *p*

pp *cres.*

f *dim.* *p* A-men.

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away. Amen.

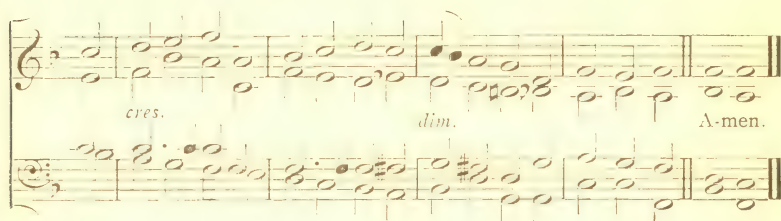
H. BONAR (1842).

Sweet Evening Hour!

EVENING.

(First Setting).

L.M.



1.

SWEET evening hour! sweet evening hour!
 That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
 That brings the wild bird to her nest,
 The infant to its mother's breast.

2.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
 Of twilight walks among the dews,
 Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
 And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

3.

Dear God, as earth recedes from sight,
 Open the quiet of Thy light
 And call the fettered soul above,
 From sin and grief, to peace and love.

4.

Be with us in this evening time,
 When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
 Thy care disperse our earthly care;
 Hear, and receive our parting prayer. Amen.

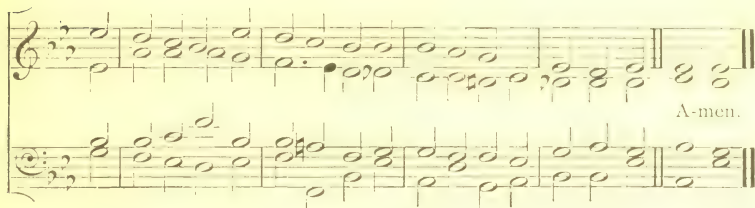
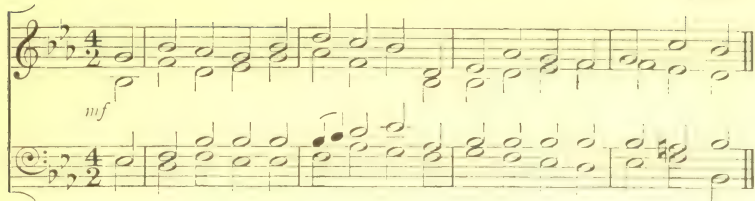
H. F. LYTE (1833).

Sweet Evening Hour!

TWILIGHT.

(Second Setting).

L.M.



1.

SWEET evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

2.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

3.

Dear God, as earth recedes from sight,
Open the quiet of Thy light
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

4.

Be with us in this evening time,
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
Thy care disperse our earthly care;
Hear, and receive our parting prayer. Amen.

H. F. LYTE (1833).

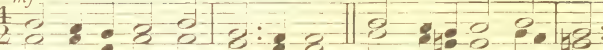
Veni, Creator Spiritus.

L.M.

Slowly.

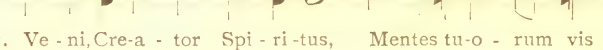
Slowly.

mf



1. Ve-ni, Cre-a-tor Spi-ri-tus, Men-tes tu-o-rum vis-i-ta:
2. Qui Pa-ra-cli-tus di-ce-ris, Al-tis-si-mi do-num De-i:


mf



1. Ve-ni, Cre-a-tor Spi-ri-tus, Men-tes tu-o-rum vis-i-ta:
2. Qui Pa-ra-cli-tus di-ce-ris, Al-tis-si-mi do-num De-i:

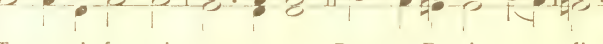
Im-ple su-per-na . . gra-ti-a Quæ tu creas-ti pec-to-ra.
Fons vi-vus, ig-nis, . . cha-ri-tas, Et spi-ri-ta-lis unc-ti-o.

mf



3. Tu sep-ti-for-mis mu-ne-re, Dex-træ De-i tu di-gi-tus:
4. Ac-cen-de lu-men sen-si-bus, In-funde a-mo-rem cor-di-bus:

mf



cres. *f* *poco rall.*

Tu ri - te pro - mis - sum Pa - tris, Ser - mone di - tans gut - tu - ra.
 In - fir - ma nos - tri . . cor - po - ris Vir - tu - te fir - mans per - pe - ti.

cres. *f* *poco rall.*

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

mf

5. Hos - tem re - pel - las lon - gi - us, Pa - cem - que do - nes
6. Da gau - di - o - rum præ - mi - a, Da gra - ti - a - rum

mf

cres.

pro - ti - nus: Duc - to - re sic te . . præ - vi - o
mu - ne - ra, Dis - sol - ve li - tis . . vin - cu - la.

cres.

f *poco rall.* *mf*

Vi - te - mus om - ne nox - i - um. 7. Per te Sci - a - mus da Pa - trem,
Ad - stringe pa - cis fœ - de - ra. 8. Sit laus Pa - tri cum Fi - li - o,

f *poco rall.* *mf*

cres.

Nos - ca - mus at - que Fi - li - um: Te u - tri - us - que . .
Sanc - to si - mul Pa - ra - cli - to: No - bis - que mit - tat

cres.

f *poco rall.*

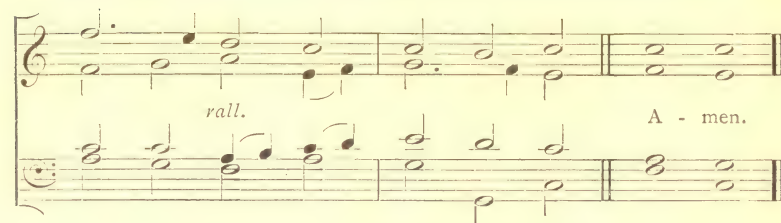
Spi - ri - tum Cre - damus om - ni . . tem - po - re.
Fi - li - us Cha - ris - ma Sanc - ti . . Spi - ri - tus. A - men.

f *poco rall.*

14 The rocks were rent, the mountain stirred.

Vox DEI.

L.M.



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THE ROCKS WERE RENT, THE MOUNTAIN STIRRED.

1.

THE rocks were rent, the mountain stirred,
He saw the lightning flash and shine,
But in the storm the prophet heard
No still small voice that was Divine.

2.

So we in storm and battle-roar ;
We could not hear the still small voice ;
But now the dreadful day is o'er
We know God speaking and rejoice.

3.

Our loved ones in the far-off land
From out their silent graves arise ;
No bitter sword is in their hand,
No look of passion in their eyes.

4.

They strove that other men might reap
The fruit of Justice and of Peace ;
They bid us sow above their sleep
The seed of Love with sure increase.

5.

Wherefore with prayers and praises, Lord,
We bring our burden unto Thee ;
The cross is better than the sword,
God's voice alone shall make men free. Amen.

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

15 Jesu, Thou Joy of loving hearts !

ST. BERNARD.

L.M.



1.

JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

2.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5.

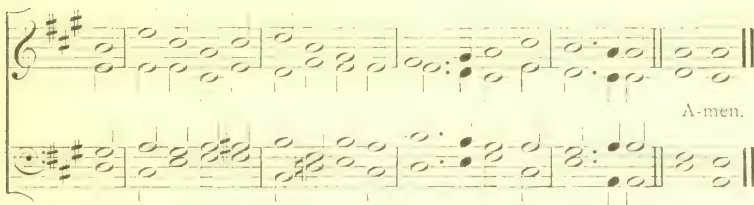
O Jesu, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *tr.* R. PALMER.

16 O King of kings, Thy blessing shed.

KING OF KINGS.

L.M.



1.

O KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And, looking from Thy holy Heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

2.

Him may we honour and obey,
Uphold his right and lawful sway;
Rememb'ring that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained of Thee.

3.

Him with Thy choicest mercies bless;
To all his counsels give success;
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring,
Thy strength command—God save the King.

4.

And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant him a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality. Amen.

From COTTERILL'S Selection.

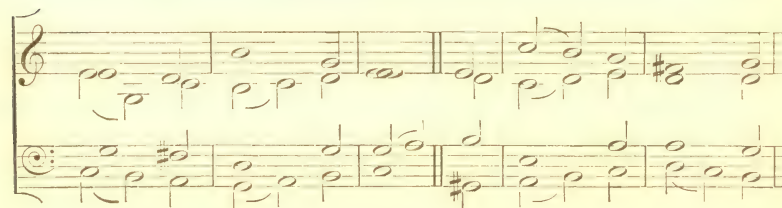
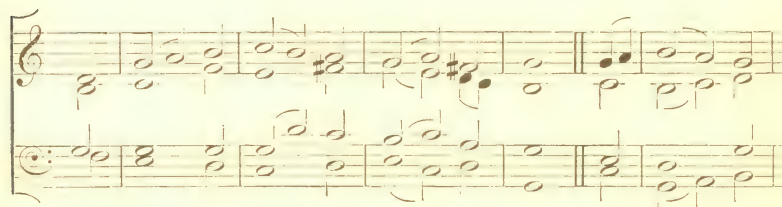
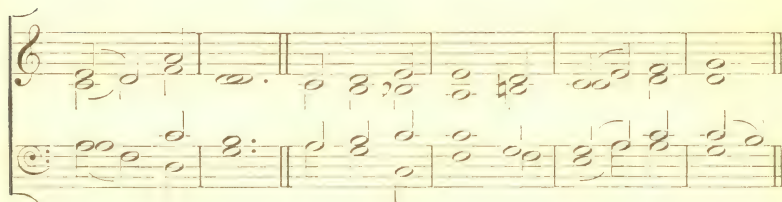
17 Lord of our fathers, Thou didst blend.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

(First Setting.)

D.L.M.

Slow and stately.



LORD OF OUR FATHERS, THOU DIDST BLEND.



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- 1 LORD of our fathers, Thou didst blend
Of divers strains our stubborn race;
Thou, at the old world's wind-swept end,
Didst plant us in our sea-girt place,
To learn chill rigour from the drift,
Grim patience from the warring wave;
Thou mad'st us swift, as winds are swift,
And brave, as rocks and seas are brave.
- 2 Then, as we fared in straitened ways,
Thou didst outpour us, badst us roam,
That we might claim the tropic rays,
And call the icebound ocean home.
Like seed we fell, like seed we sprang,
Till half the world, where'er we rose,
With Britain's joys and sorrows rang,
And freedom's foes were Britain's foes.
- 3 Lord God, before Thy feet we bow;
We cast our pomps, our trophies down;
Uphold us, lest Thy wrathful brow
Upon our faithless purpose frown,
In peace to win our destined path,
Beyond the waste, across the tide;
Grant us the courage, not the wrath,
The calm of strength, and not its pride.
- 4 This be our prayer,—to guard, to guide
Beneath the shelter of Thy Throne,
Whatever realms Thou dost provide,
Whatever hearts Thou mak'st our own;
Not for our frequent falls to grieve,
But turn our prayers, our hopes, above,
There, where the great prow passed, to leave
The golden ripple of Thy love. Amen.

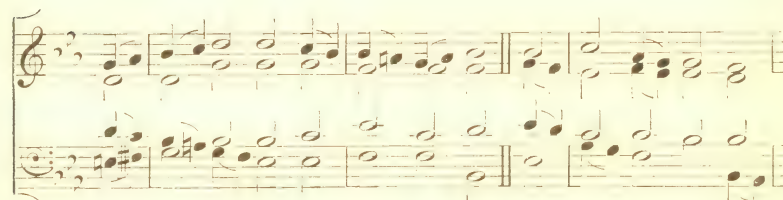
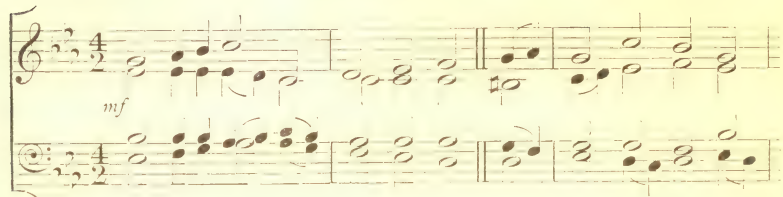
A. C. BENSON.

18 Lord of our fathers, Thou didst blend.

BRITAIN.

(Second Setting)

D.L.M.



LORD OF OUR FATHERS, THOU DIDST BLEND.



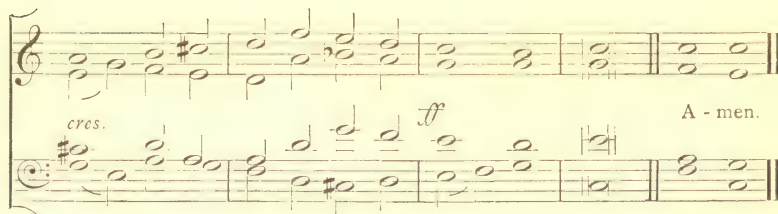
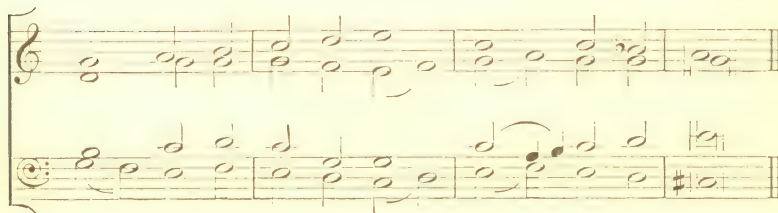
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But turn our prayers, our hopes, above,
There, where the great prow passed, to leave
The golden ripple of Thy love. Amen.

A. C. BENSON.

ALL IN ALL.

6.4.6.4. D.



JESU, OUR LORD AND GOD.

1 JESU, our Lord and God,
 Worthy art Thou
 Of all the glorious crowns
 Circling Thy brow ;
 Thy Church throughout the world
 On Thee doth call,
 Ever confessing Thee
 Our "ALL in all."

2 By Thee the worlds were framed
 In times of yore ;
 Glad tidings from Thee spread
 All the world o'er ;
 Of their deliverance
 Captives have heard,
 Loud sounds the Gospel Trump—
 Thou art "The Word."

3 Weary worn wayfarers
 Journeying on,
 Till this life's pilgrimage
 Be past and gone :
 Guidance they seek from Thee,
 Tempted to stray
 In Satan's devious paths—
 Thou art "The Way."

4 Saviour, to Thee we turn
 When doubts arise
 Springing from mists of earth,
 Blinding our eyes.
 Thou canst enlighten us
 In age and youth,
 Bidding the darkness flee ;
 Thou art "The Truth."

5 "Giver of all good gifts,"
 All fulness dwells
 In Thee—of wants supplied
 Thy goodness tells :
 Wounded we cry to Thee,
 In deadly strife
 Thou art sin's Conqueror—
 Thou art "The Life."

6 Star of the East arise,
 Bright is Thy ray,
 Dayspring and Harbinger
 Of endless day.
 Perfect the work in us
 Thou hast begun :
 Jesu, of Righteousness
 Thou art "The Sun."

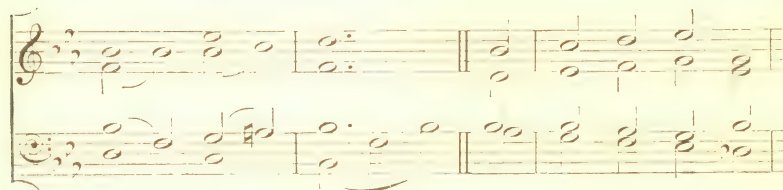
7 "Buckler and Shield" Thou art,
 O Triune Lord !
 "Refuge and Strong Defence"
 Thou dost afford :
 Hear now, and evermore,
 Thy people's call,
 Be through Eternity
 Our "ALL in all." Amen.

REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE.

ZION.

UNISON.

HARMONY.



1 CHURCH of the Living God,
 Take up thy song,
 To glorify Jehovah's Name
 His Courts among:
 In gladsome praise
 Thy notes upraise—
 Christ with His Church now deigns to dwell,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

2 The vast unbroken chain
 Of living souls
 Shall laud and magnify Thee, Lord,
 While onward rolls
 Song's ceaseless tide
 From far and wide—
 For with His Church Christ deigns to dwell,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD.

3 From highest Angel Host
 Around Thy Throne,
 To humblest denizens of earth,
 Thy might they own;
 Their Lord they bless,
 Thy Name confess,
Since with His Church Christ deigns to dwell,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

4 O Zion, wake and sing—
 Take for thy strain
 The Lord's "New Song," and echo on
 Its sweet refrain—
 Meet offering
 Be thine to bring,
For with His Church Christ deigns to dwell,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

5 In Him thou art renew'd—
 By His dread strife!
 His own New Covenant proclaims
 Newness of Life;
 His mercies sure
 For aye endure,
And with His Church He deigns to dwell,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

6 Age after age proclaims
 The wondrous theme
 First caroll'd by the Heavenly Host;
 When to redeem
 The sons of earth
 And give new birth
He came, thenceforward here to dwell,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

7 Praise to the Triune God
 Whom we adore;
 No "strangers now, nor foreigners"—
 For evermore
 His heirs to be,
 Joint heirs are we,
With Christ the Lord, Emmanuel,
 His Kingdom thou!—O Israel.

8 In Heaven "Trisagion"
 They ever sing;
 Shall man redeemed and sanctified,
 No tribute bring?
 O Trinity,
 O Unity,
The One True God—grant us to dwell
 With Thee, and be Thine Israel. Amen.

Rev. S. CHILDS CLARKE.

ASHBURY.

6.5.6.5. D.

First system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 4/2 time. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, also in 4/2 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A tempo marking '♩ = So' and a dynamic marking 'mf' are placed above the first few notes of the bottom staff. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is placed below the first few notes of the bottom staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The notation remains consistent in clef, key, and time signature.

Third system of musical notation. The bottom staff features a dynamic marking 'f' (forte) above the final measure, indicating a crescendo or a strong ending.

Fourth system of musical notation, the final system on the page. The bottom staff includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking above the final measure, followed by the text 'A-men.' at the end of the system.

IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

1 In the Name of Jesus

Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation

Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly Orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,

To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

4 Bore it up triumphant

With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height,
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 Name Him, brothers, name Him,

With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath ;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

6 In your hearts enthrone Him ;

There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His Will enfold you
In its light and power.

7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus

Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His Angel train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now. Amen.

CAROLINE M. NOEL (1870).

THORVERTON.

6.5., 12 lines.

UNISON. HARMONY.

Lord of all cre - a - tion, Now be - fore Thy throne,

We Thy peo - ple bring Thee Gifts that are Thine own.

Thine is all the great - ness, Power and glo - ry Thine,

High o'er all ex - alt - ed, Ma - jes - ty Di - vine. . .

LORD OF ALL CREATION.

Of Thine Own we of - fer, Of Thy gifts we give

Un - to Thee, O Fa - ther, In Whose life all live. A - men.

2 All the gold and silver,
 Corn on plains and hills,
 Grass upon the mountains,
 Water in the rills—
 All things yield Thee glory,
 With Thy Light they shine;
 Thou all art inspirest—
 Science, skill, are Thine.
 Of Thine Own we offer,
 Of Thy gifts we give
 Unto Thee, O Father,
 In Whose life all live.

3 Body, Soul, and Spirit,
 Thought, and speech, and song,
 Come of Thee, Creator,
 And to Thee belong.
 These in bounden duty
 We devote to Thee;
 Thine is all the dower,
 Thine the glory be.
 Of Thine Own we offer,
 Of Thy gifts we give
 Unto Thee, O Father,
 In Whose life all live.

4 Of all works man doeth,
 None can greater be
 Than the work devoted,
 O Lord God, to Thee:
 Hither all to serve Thee,
 Rich and poor repair,
 Joy awaits Thy people
 In Thy House of Prayer.
 Of Thine Own they offer,
 Of Thy gifts they give
 Unto Thee, O Father,
 In Whose life all live.

5 Alms-deeds, prayers, and praises,
 With "the willing mind,"
 In the Name of Jesus,
 Shall acceptance find.
 Evermore thanksgiving
 To the Father, Son,
 And the gracious Spirit,
 Blessèd Three in One,
 Still Thy Church shall offer,
 Of Thy gifts shall give
 Unto Thee, the Giver,
 In Whose life all live.
 Amen.

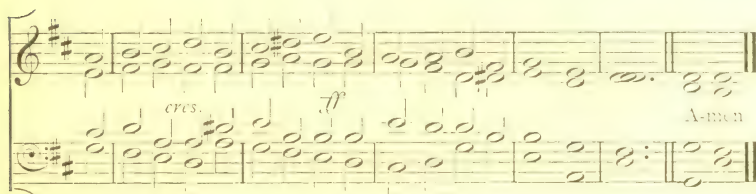
CITY OF GOD.

6.6,6.6.6.6.

In moderate time.*Copyright, 1896, by Novello, Ewer and Co.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem!</p> | <p>3 Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down;
 Where self itself yields up;
 Where martyrs win their crown;
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.</p> |
| <p>2 Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God! thou art.</p> | <p>4 Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go:
 When in His steps we tread
 Who trod the way of woe;
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God! thou art.</p> |
| <p>5 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden-walled afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In His Name gathered are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem. Amen.</p> | |

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE (1867).



1.

Rejoice! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

2.

Jesus the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

5.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY (1746).

VICTORIA.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

mf *

1. Queen of our homes and hearts, . . . &c.
2. Thro' sun, thro' storm and stress— . . . &c.

mf

A - men.

* Two crotchets in verse 1, and a minim in all the other verses.

QUEEN OF OUR HOMES AND HEARTS.

1 QUEEN* of our homes and hearts,

Thy realms rejoice to-day:

Great cities hush their marts,

The village greens are gay:

ff Thy people kneel to bless His hand

Who made thee ruler of the land.

2 Thro' sun, thro' storm and stress—

Our Queen for sixty years—

Thy soul no littleness

Has known, thy heart no fears;

ff Therefore we thank our God Whose will

Empowered thee and upholds thee still.

3 For more than wealth's increase

And bounds set far and wide,

For thy just love of Peace

With Honour at its side,

ff We sing our praises to the Lord

Who gave thee wisdom with the sword.

4 For more than power in strife,

For queenly gifts of good,

The pattern of pure life

To maid and motherhood;

ff For this thy gracious dower we praise

The Giver of thy lengthened days.

5 For more than sov'reign place

Among the kings that reign,

For all thy constant grace

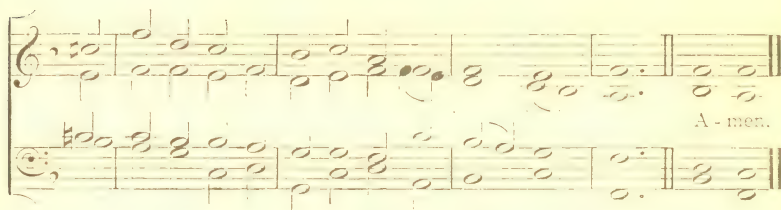
To woe and want and pain,

ff Thy realms rejoice from shore to shore

And pray "God save thee evermore!" Amen.

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* Queen Victoria.



- 1 The Wanderer of Time,
The Pilgrim of the Earth,
Looks up to Thee, O God sublime!
Who gave him birth.
- 2 Out of the wind and rain
He lifts a time-worn face,
To feel thro' all the storm of pain
His Father's grace.
- 3 On the long way he stands,
His journey never done,
And lifts to Thee his wounded hands—
Behold Thy son!
- 4 Lord, light him thro' the dark,
The storm-swept road is long,
He does but ask to reach the mark
Upright and strong.
- 5 He does not shun the road,
The storm he does not fear,
Nor groans he 'neath the grievous load
His soul must bear;
- 6 But on Life's rock-strewn shore,
And thro' Time's reeling night,
He cries—lest he should stumble more—
For light, more light.
- 7 Send down Thy light, and guide,
O God, the Pilgrim's way!—
Roll back the dark, and open wide
The gates of day! Amen.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

ST. MILDRED.

6.6.8.6.6.6.8.4.



1 THE old year's wingèd hours,
From day to golden day,
With winter snows and summer
flow'rs,
Have sped upon their way—
Have sped upon their way,
To come no more again,
With hopes and fears, and joys
and tears,
And gifts for men.

2 What priceless boon, O Time,
To thy New Year is given?
Oh, may it help our feet to climb
The narrow path to Heav'n—
The narrow path to Heaven,
Where, on the sapphire floor,
God's sons shall stand at His right
For evermore! [hand

3 Vain, vain is all beside!
Nor gold nor love can save
Our glory from the rolling tide
Which sweeps us to the grave—
Which sweeps us to the grave.
Where, though all else decays,
God's Word is sure, and shall
endure
To endless days.

4 Oh, while the New Year rolls
To join the darkening past,
Teach us, dear Saviour of our souls,
Our cares on Thee to cast—
Our cares on Thee to cast,
To know as we are known,
Till angel throngs shall join our
songs
Before Thy Throne.

Amen.

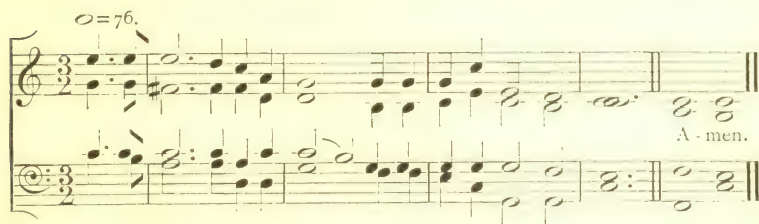
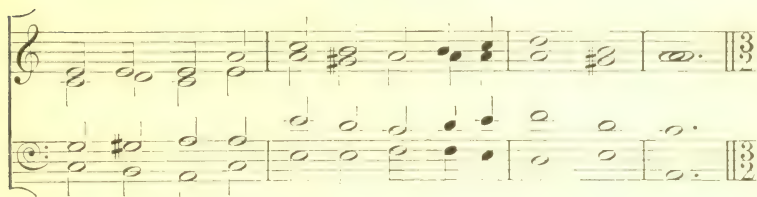
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- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living, or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone :
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
 They hide themselves in Heaven's own light. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1824).

ST. FAITH.

7·5·7·5·7·7·



1 EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night.
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young
Open bright and gay, [flowers
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that Heav'n, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1848).

VITA BREVIS.

7.6.7.6.

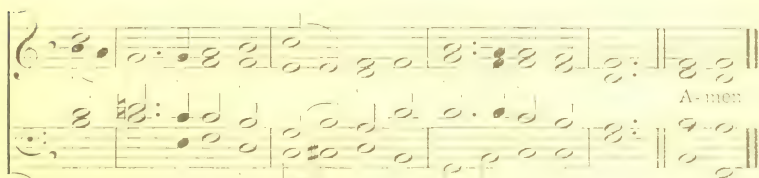
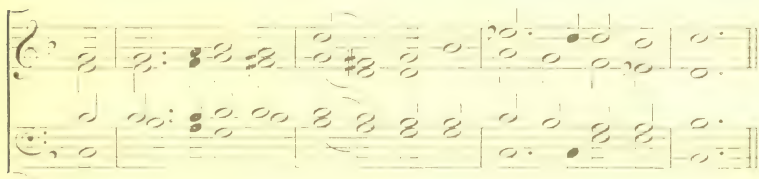
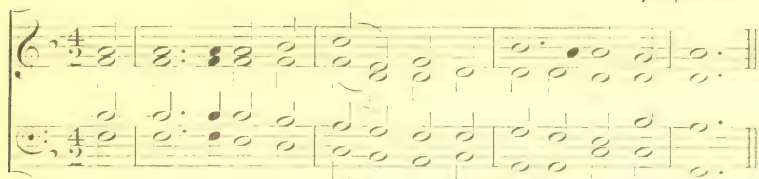
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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 BRIEF life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.</p> <p>2 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.</p> <p>3 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown ;</p> <p>4 And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Sion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope ;</p> | <p>5 But He, Whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known ;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.</p> <p>6 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.</p> <p>7 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.</p> <p>8 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessèd country
 That eager hearts expect !</p> |
|---|--|
- 9 Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.

BERNARD OF MORLAIX; *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

STO AD OSTIUM.

7.6.7.6. 1)



1 O Jesu, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er :
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,
 His Name and sign who bear,
 Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
 To keep Him standing there !

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
 And lo ! that Hand is scarr'd.
 And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
 And tears Thy Face have marr'd
 O love that passeth knowledge
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin that hath no equal
 So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so ?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door :
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us never more. Amen.

Bishop W. WALSHAM How (1867).

There is an ancient River.

CEPHAS.

7.6.7.6. D.

VOICES IN UNISON.

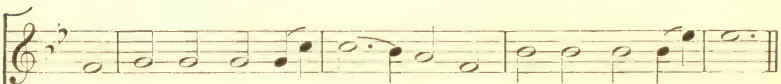
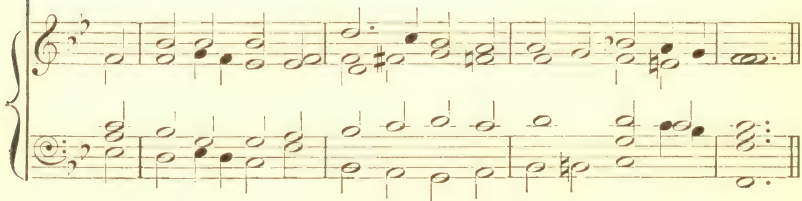


1. There is an ancient Riv - er Whose streams descend in light

ORGAN.



From nev-er - fail-ing foun - tains Be - yond all earth - ly sight;



It ran thro' all the a - ges, And where-so - e'er it flowed



THERE IS AN ANCIENT RIVER.

VOICES IN HARMONY.

Up rose the Ho-ly Ci - ty, The Lord's e - lect a - bode.

ORGAN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The River still is flowing,
But now with fuller stream;
And still the light is falling,
But now with brighter beam:
Of old the Song of Moses
Soared as it swept along;
But now the Name of Jesus
Is made its sweeter song.</p> | <p>4 God's River! The One Spirit,
Grace of the mystic Seven!
From seaward mountain seaward,
From Heaven it flows to Heaven.
Fair City of these Waters!
Cheered with their light and song,
So are thy children joyful,
So are thy servants strong.</p> |
| <p>3 Its radiance lights us onward,
Its glancing waters cheer;
Blest is the eye beholding,
Blest is the hearing ear;
For, as the earth-clouds darken,
The glory clearer grows,
And gladder for life's tumult
The stream of music flows.</p> | <p>5 O Beautiful, the River!
The Church upon thy shore
In bliss of expectation
Abideth evermore:
Till at some holy even
Her children on thy breast
From foretaste pass to fulness,
From working into rest.</p> |

- 6 Then laud to God the Father,
And laud to God the Son,
And laud to God the Spirit—
Laud to the Three in One:
Laud in the Song of Moses,
Laud in our chant to-day,
And in the City Glorious
Laud from the Church for aye.

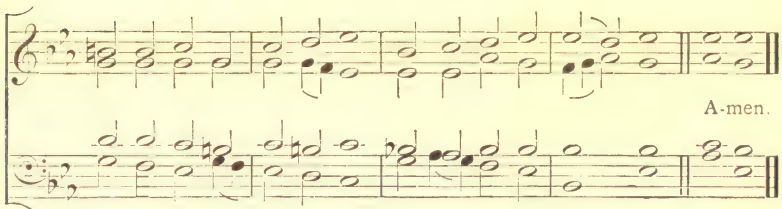
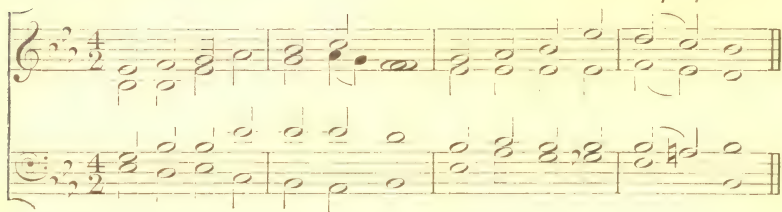
A - men.

Rev. S. J. STONE (1870).

33 Let our Choir new anthems raise.

LUDGATE.

7.6.7.6. D.



A-men.

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

1.

LET our Choir new anthems raise,
Wake the song of gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Open'd Heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

2.

Never flinch'd they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Deck'd in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3.

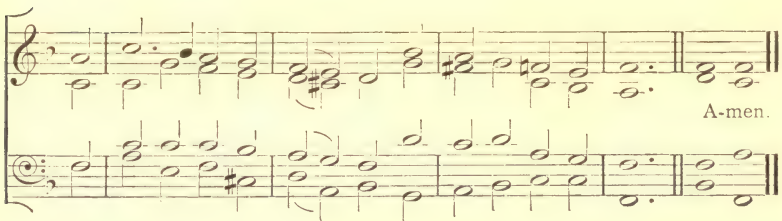
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

tr. J. M. NEALE.

34 From Greenland's icy mountains.

HYLANDS.

7.6.7.6. D.



FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

I.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's Name.

4.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

Bishop HEBER (1819).

EASTBURY.

7.6.7.6. D.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#) and 4/2 time. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, while the Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece consists of four systems of music. The first three systems end with a double bar line and repeat dots. The fourth system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

1 O MASTER! when Thou callest,
 No voice may say Thee nay,
 For blest are they that follow
 Where Thou dost lead the way :
 In freshest prime of morning,
 Or fullest glow of noon,
 The note of heav'nly warning
 Can never come too soon.

2 O Master! where Thou callest,
 No foot may shrink in fear,
 For they who trust Thee wholly
 Shall find Thee ever near :
 And chamber still and lonely,
 Or busy harvest-field,
 Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
 Shall precious produce yield.

3 O Master! whom Thou callest,
 No heart may dare refuse ;
 'Tis honour, highest honour,
 When Thou dost deign to use :
 Our brightest and our fairest,
 Our dearest—all are Thine ;
 Thou who for each one carest,
 We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,
 We too who serve at home,
 May watch and pray together
 Until Thy kingdom come :
 In Thee for aye united,
 Our song of hope we raise,
 Till that blest shore is sighted
 Where all shall turn to praise.

Amen.

DEO GLORIA.

7.6.7.6.7.7.6.



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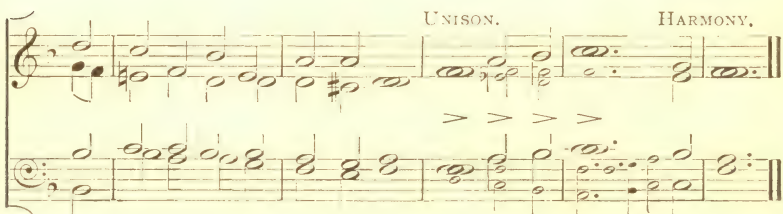
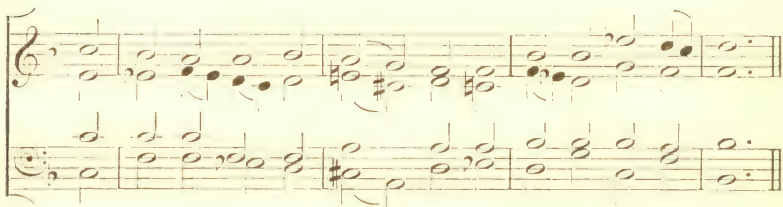
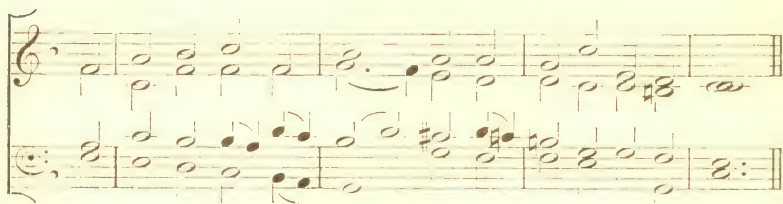
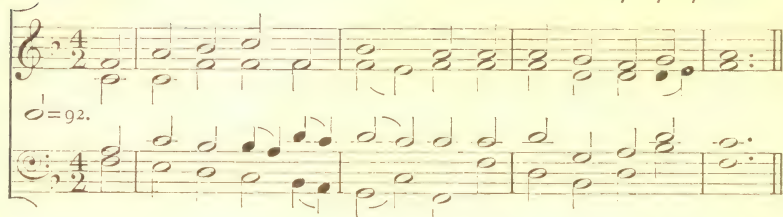
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GLORY be to God on high,
 And peace on earth descend !
 God comes down, He bows the sky.
 And shows Himself our Friend :
 God the invisible appears !
 God, the blest, the great I AM,
 Sojourns in this vale of tears,
 And Jesus is His Name.</p> <p>2 Him the angels all adored,
 Their Maker and their King ;
 Tidings of their humbled Lord
 They now to mortals bring.
 Emptied of His majesty,
 Of His dazzling glories shorn,
 Being's Source begins to be,
 And God Himself is born !</p> | <p>3 See the eternal Son of God
 A mortal Son of Man ;
 Dwelling in an earthly clod,
 Whom heaven cannot contain !
 Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this !
 See the Lord of earth and skies ;
 Humbled to the dust He is,
 And in a manger lies.</p> <p>4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
 The Prince of Peace proclaim ;
 With heaven's host lift up your voice,
 And shout Immanuel's Name :
 Knees and hearts to Him we bow ;
 Of our flesh and of our bone,
 Jesus is our Brother now,
 And God is all our own. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

CHARLES WESLEY (1744).

37 We scan the years swept from us.

GLENDON.

7.6.7.6.7.6.8.6.



1 We scan the years swept from us
 By time's swift-rolling stream,
 We gaze in awe and wonder,
 We stand like them that dream;
 Our mouth is filled with laughter,
 With joyful song we say,
 "The Lord hath done great things for us,
 O praise His Name to-day!"

WE SCAN THE YEARS SWEEPED FROM US.

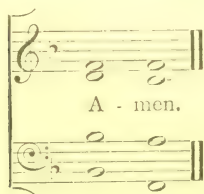
2 In years long past our fathers
Cast forth the holy grain,
With faith in Him Who giveth
The first and latter rain ;
Where now glad harvests ripen
They trod their fruitless way :
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
O praise His Name to-day!"

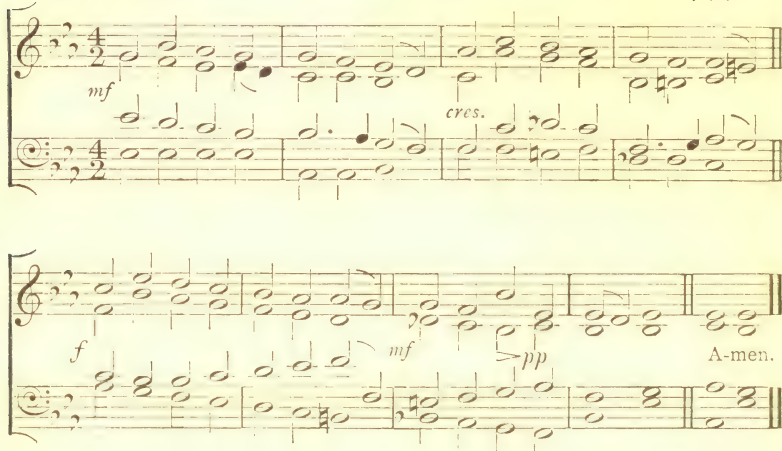
3 The years brought life and blessing
To many a tribe and tongue,
All kindreds of the peoples
Unite with ours their song ;
Redeemed from out the nations,
His servants shout and say,
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
We praise His Name to-day!"

4 On, then, through years before us
The precious seed to bear,
Although with tears of sorrow
The Master's toil we share,
Sure in the Day of harvest
Sheaves at His feet to lay ;
"The Lord will do great things for us,
O praise His Name away!"

5 Then, when the years are ended,
And time has ceased to be,
When ours the joy of harvest
Through all eternity ;
Shall rise the heavenly anthem
Which ne'er shall pass away,
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Praise we His Name for aye!"

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.





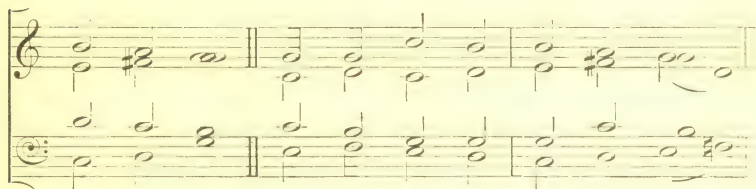
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 MONARCH of the heavenly host,
Thou, Whose strength alone we
boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>2 Lord, before Thee we confess
All our long unthankfulness,
Pride, and sloth, and worldliness,
Pardon, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>3 Rash presumption in the hour
Of prosperity and power,
Reckless waste of gifts, Thy dower,
Pardon, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>4 Cleanse us from each bygone stain,
Strengthen those things which
remain,
Turn our loss to truest gain,
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>5 Aid our brethren in the fight,
Bless the cause of Truth and Right,
Out of darkness bring forth Light,
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> | <p>6 Grant to mourning homes and
hearts
Comfort, e'en when joy departs;
Salve the wounds from Sorrow's
darts,
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>7 Bless the healer's tender care,
Hear the dying soldier's prayer,
Raise the captives from despair!
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>8 Bless our King, and bless our race,
Make us stewards of Thy Grace,
Serving Thee in every place,
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>9 May the sons of England be
Faithful witnesses to Thee,
Far and nigh, by land and sea,
Hear us, Lord, most holy.</p> <p>10 So may Peace once more descend,
So may God our land defend,
So may foeman turn to friend,
Grant it, Lord, most holy.</p> |
|--|---|
- 11 So, when this world's strife is done,
In the Kingdom of Thy Son
May the souls He bought be one,
Grant it, Lord, most holy. Amen.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

39 Through the night Thy Angels kept.

INNOCENTS.

7.7.7.7.



1.

THROUGH the night Thy Angels kept
Watch beside me while I slept:
Now the dark has pass'd away,
Thank Thee, Lord, for this new day.

2.

North and south, and east and west,
May Thy Holy Name be blessed!
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in Heaven, Thy will be done!

3.

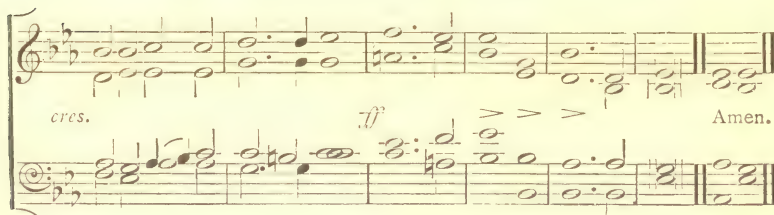
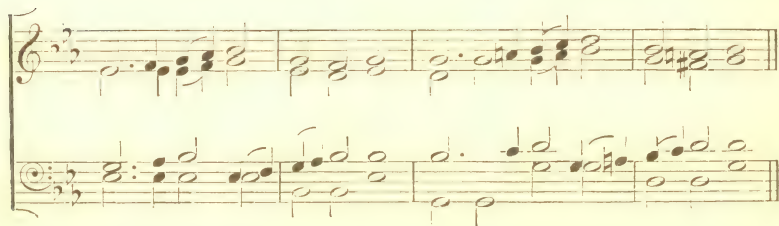
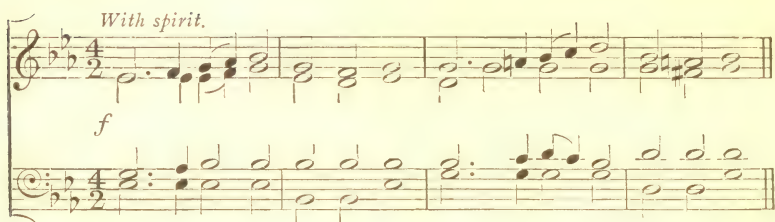
Give me food that I may live;
Every naughtiness forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From Thy little child this day. Amen.

WILLIAM CANTON.

40 Songs of thankfulness and praise.

RUDGWICK.

Eight 7's.



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SONGS OF THANKFULNESS AND PRAISE.

1. Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the Sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
2. Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
3. Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the Devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
- * 4. Sun and Moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee,
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.
5. Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH (1862).

* This verse may be omitted if the hymn is thought too long.

41 My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made.

WARKWORTH.

8.4.8.4.8.4.



A-men.

1.

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast
The earth so bright; [made
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light :
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2.

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain :
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4.

For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how
Our weak heart clings, [soon
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store ; [kept
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6.

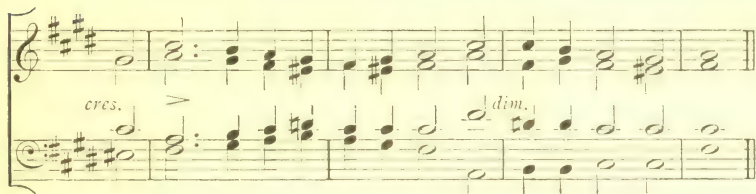
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
Though amply blest, [souls,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesu's breast. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER (1858).

Shadow in a sultry land.

ALNMOUTH.

8.6 8.6.8.6.



1.

O SHADOW in a sultry land !
 We gather to Thy breast,
 Whose love, enfolding us like night,
 Brings quietude and rest ;
 Glimpse of a fairer life to be
 In foretaste here possessed.

2.

From all our wanderings we come,
 From drifting to and fro ;
 From tossing on life's restless deep,
 Amid its ebb and flow ;
 The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know.

3.

That which the garish day has lost
 The twilight vigil brings,
 The breezes from celestial hills,
 The draughts from deeper springs,
 The sense of an immortal trust,
 The touch of angel wings.

4.

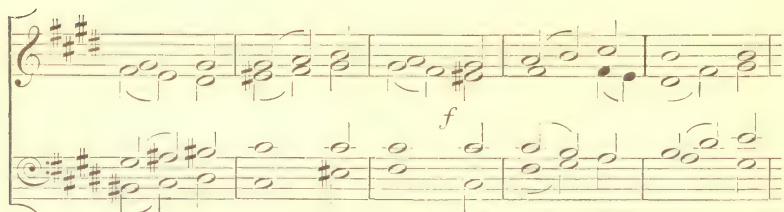
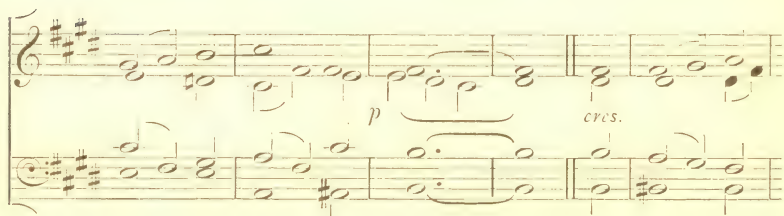
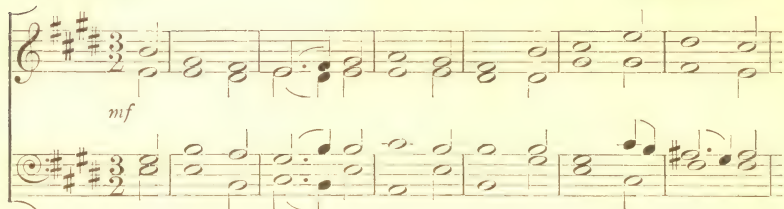
Drop down behind the solemn hills.
 O day, with golden skies ;
 Serene, above its fading glow,
 Night, starry-crowned, arise ;
 So beautiful may heaven be
 When life's last sunbeam dies.

Amen.

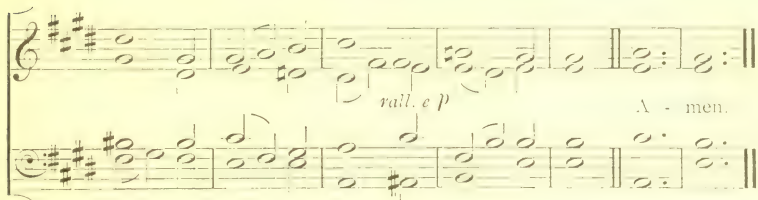
43 Our Father, guide those streams aright.

RUSHTON.

8.6.8.6.8.8.8.8.



OUR FATHER, GUIDE THOSE STREAMS ARIGHT.



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1.

Our Father, guide those streams aright
Which have their springs in Thee;
Shine on them with Thy heavenly light,
And make them pure and free.
And ever, as they onward flow
Through all the darkling scenes below,
May they reflect that Heaven above,
Which looks on us in perfect love!

2.

Sin ever would enchain the heart,
But Christ has made us free;
And He would bid those fears depart
Which draw our hearts from Thee.
Thou art our Father, Thou hast known
Our wayward thoughts; in Thee alone
Is all our fulness, all our joy,
Those pleasures which can never cloy.

3.

Thou knowest all our seasons, too,
Their ever-varying tone:
Refresh us with the morning dew,
Nor let our night be lone.
At noonday let the showers fall,
In answer to our suppliant call;
Strengthen our hearts, and hold us fast,
That we may praise Thee to the last. Amen.

E. S. (1849).

44 Praise the Lord! The radiant morning.

ROTHBURY.

8.7.8.7.



1 PRAISE the Lord! The radiant morning
Wakes the earth from night's repose,
And creation's whole adorning
Now anew His goodness shows.

2 Praise the Lord! Each opening flower
Breathes an incense all of praise;
Birds in every leafy bower
Still to Him their chorus raise.

3 Praise the Lord! The wild deer belling
Thanks to Him again resound!
O my soul, with deep love swelling,
Let *thy* songs of praise abound! Amen.

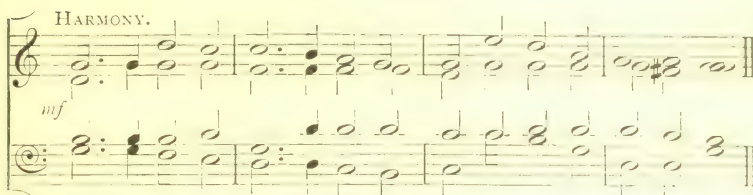
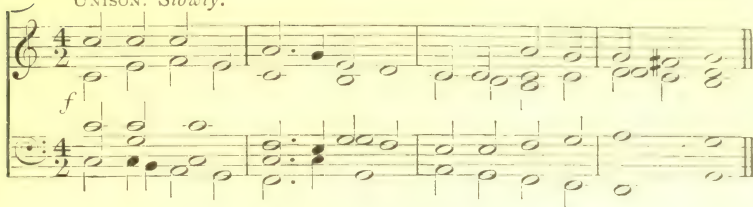
tr. F. R. HAVERGAL (1857).

45 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.

ST. HELEN.

UNISON. *Slowly.*

8.7.8.7+7.



1.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4.

Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gather'd in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Amen.

F. H. LYTE (1834).

* The small notes are intended for the Organ, and are *not* to be sung.

46 Guide me, O Thou Great Redeemer.

OLDCASTLES.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Slowly. $\text{♩} = 66.$

mf

A - men.

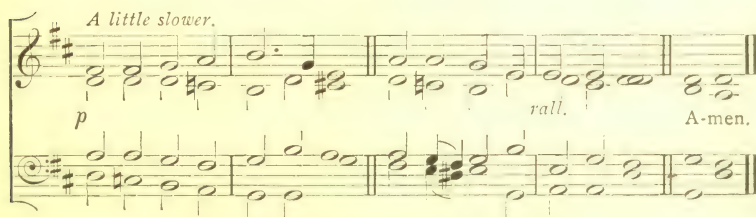
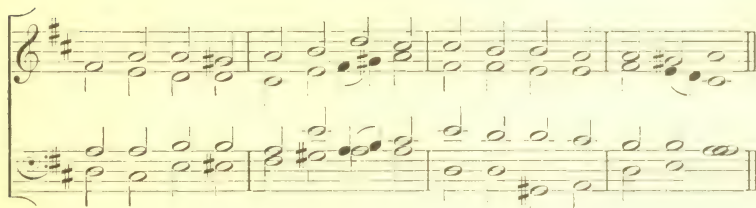
- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou Great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS.

47 Through the day Thy Love has spared us.

RAMSBURY.

8.7.8.7.7.7.



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1.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2.

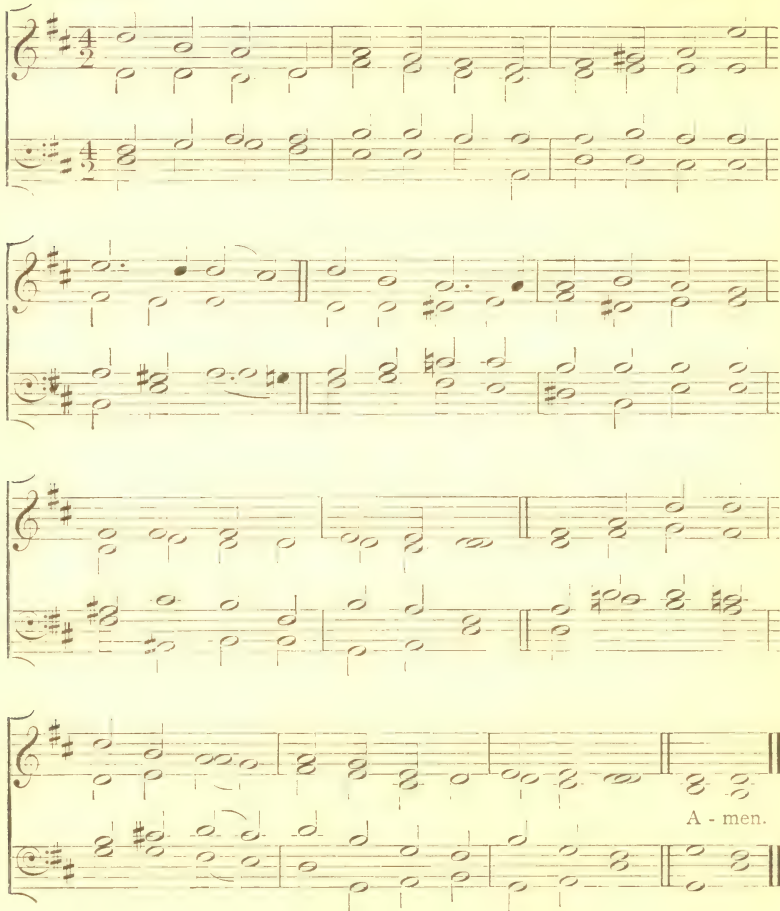
Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine Arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY (1806).

48 Christ, in highest Heav'n enthronèd.

LAMBOURNE.

8.7.8.7.7.



1.

CHRIST, in highest Heav'n enthronèd,
 Equal of the Father's Might,
 By pure spirits, trembling, ownèd,
 God of God, and Light of Light,
 Thee 'mid Angel hosts we sing,
 Thee their Maker and their King.

CHRIST, IN HIGHEST HEAV'N ENTHRONÈD.

2.

All who circling round adore Thee,
All who bow before Thy Throne,
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,
Thy behests to carry down;
To and fro, 'twixt earth and Heaven,
Speed they each on errands given.

3.

First of all those legions glorious,
Michael waves his sword of flame,
Who of old in war victorious
Did the Dragon's fierceness tame;
Who with might invincible
Thrust the rebel down to hell.

4.

Strong to aid the sick and dying,
Call'd from Heav'n they swiftly fly,
Grace Divine and strength supplying
In their mortal agony:
Souls released from bondage here
Safe to Paradise they bear.

5.

To the Father praise be given
By the unfallen Angel-host,
Who in His great war have striven
With the legions of the lost;
Equal praise in highest Heav'n
To the Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

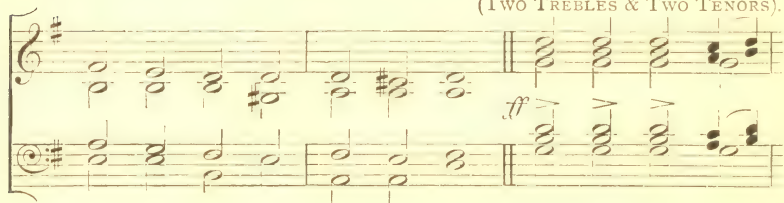
Tr. W. PALMER (1845).

Up the stately hill of Sion.

ST. MARTIN.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

VOICES IN UNISON.

*Slower.*VOICES IN HARMONY
(TWO TREBLES & TWO TENORS).

I.

Up the stately hill of Sion
 In the olden Hebrew days,
 At their holy Convocations
 Onward to the strains of praise,
 Singing songs they loved so well
 Marched the tribes of Israel.

UP THE STATELY HILL OF SION.

2.

"In Thy goings" then they saw
Thee,
Mighty God, Eternal King,
When Thy Sanctuary treading,
All its courts they caused to ring
With their notes of festal song
As Thine Ark they bore along.

3.

Foremost came the band of
singers
Marching with a measured tread,
Skilful minstrels follow'd after,
Who the swelling chorus led,
While with trumpets' thrilling
sound
Harps and psalteries resound.

4.

Unto Sion's sacred precincts
Still Thy faithful people press,
There Thy meed of praise to
offer
In fair garb of holiness:
Thee our God and King we claim
As we laud Thy Holy Name.

5.

Ranged in ranks of goodly order
On this joyous festal day,
Whither Thou, High Priest, dost
lead us, [way—
We, Thy minstrels wend our
"How Thou goest" still is seen,
Thou art still as Thou hast been.

6.

Heavenly Father, we Thy children,
At Thy bidding come to Thee,
In Thine Holy House to offer
Prayer and praise adoringly;
Here before Thee to rejoice
In Thy courts with gladsome
voice.

7.

Jesu, when with Alleluias,
Thee Thy waiting people greet,
When within Thine House as-
sembled
We draw nigh Thy Mercy-seat,
Thou didst promise there to be
With Thy people ceaselessly.

8.

Gracious Spirit, Thou inspirest
Earth-worn hearts with Heavenly
love,
"Our infirmities" Thou helpst,
Thine—the Unction from above,
Thine—our souls on high to raise,
Thine "intoning Voice"—our praise.

9.

Unto Thee, Triune Jehovah,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Sing we Holy, Holy, Holy,
Church on earth and Heavenly
host
Alleluias now outpour,
Alleluia, evermore.

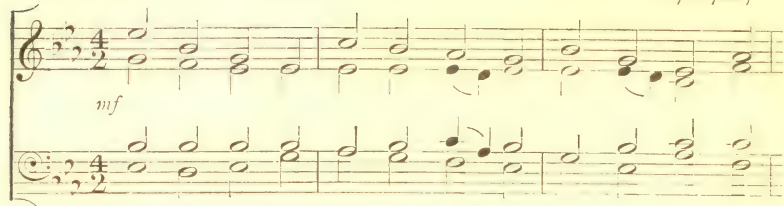
Amen.

REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE

50 Lead us, heav'nly Father, lead us.

ST. BASIL.

S.7.S.7.S.7.



LEAD US, HEAV'NLY FATHER, LEAD US.

I.

I LEAD us, Heav'nly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON

51 In the Faith of Christ proceeding.

ST. CLEMENT.

Rather slowly.

8.7.8.7. D.

VOICES IN UNISON. *cres.*

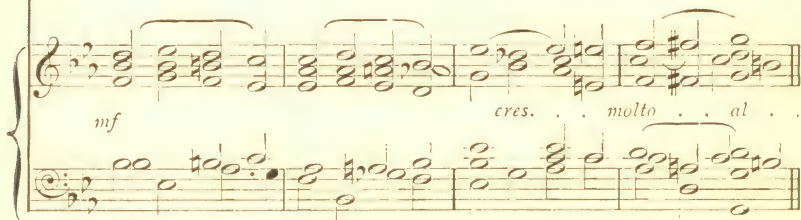


1. In the Faith of Christ pro-ceed-ing Onward ev-er till we die;

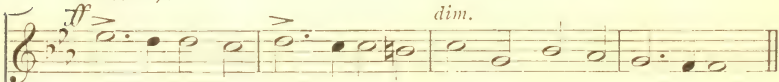
Rather slowly.



Scorn and ha-tred all un-heed-ing, For His ban-ner floats on high!



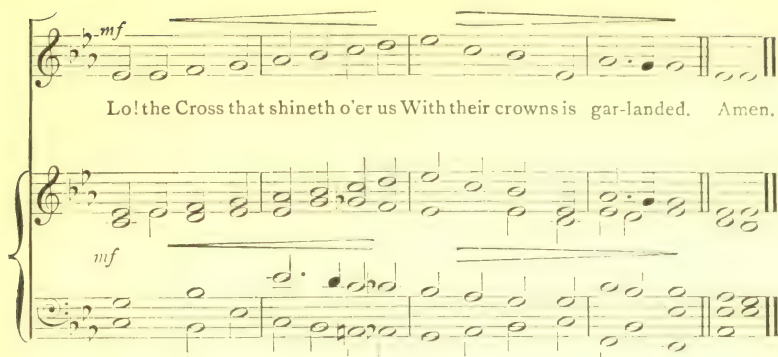
Fervently.



Saints and Martyrs march'd before us, With their blood the path is red,



IN THE FAITH OF CHRIST PROCEEDING.



Lo! the Cross that shineth o'er us With their crowns is gar-landed. Amen.

2.

Theirs the Faith we march professing ;
 Theirs the fight that wageth still :
 Ours the Creed they died confessing—
 We their empty places fill.
 Now they rest in God's own keeping,
 Where no evil thing is known,
 Whilst their bodies, calmly sleeping,
 Wait His summons to the throne.

3.

Round the Font we gather, singing,
 God the Holy Ghost to bless ;
 Hence the Living Water springing
 Watereth all life's wilderness.
 Here the Cross, our Leader's token,
 On our foreheads first was sealed—
 Sign of vows too often broken ;
 Sign of wounds that scarce are
 healed.

4.

At the Font our fight beginneth,
 Where God's children we became ;
 Pardon hence for him who sinneth
 Claim we in our Saviour's Name.
 All our days that Cross, our beacon,
 Onward leads o'er vanquished sin ;
 Power doth give that nought can
 weaken,
 Crowns doth bear for those who win.

5.

Now before the Altar bending,
 Where His Sacred Presence rests ;
 Who, His warriors still defending,
 With eternal strength invests :
 Here our Saviour deigns to make us
 One with Him in loving thrall ;
 Promise gives at last to take us
 Where the shadows never fall.

6.

Some day all the East shall brighten,
 Greeting our returning Lord,
 Who the load of sin shall lighten,
 Crowns vouchsafing for the sword :
 Then, all toil in triumph ended,
 We will greet the endless day,
 And ascend where He ascended,
 Where all tears are wiped away.

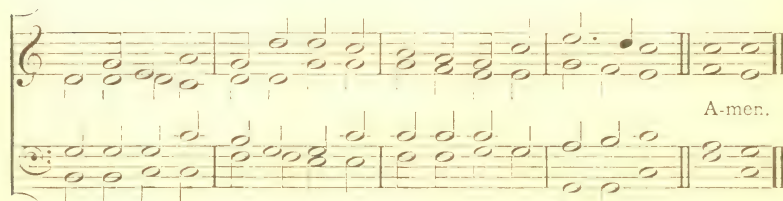
7.

Friends and loved ones gone before us
 Call us onward through the night ;
 Angels float in measured chorus,
 Seen by faith, though hid from
 sight.
 Soon with them shall we be raising
 Alleluias to the skies,
 Sharing all the joys amazing
 Of the restful Paradise! Amen.

REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS.

WANBOROUGH.

8.7.8.7. D.



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I.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
 Of the City God hath made;
 In the beauteous fields of Eden
 Its foundation-stones are laid;
 Oh, that I had wings of angels
 Here to spread and heavenward fly;
 I would seek the gates of Sion,
 Far beyond the starry sky!

DAILY, DAILY SING THE PRAISES.

2.

All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

3.

In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

4.

From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a beam of silver light.
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

5.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs and the Elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

6.

Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky! Amen.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

53 Who is this, so weak and helpless?

CHRISTUS.

TREBLE VOICES.

8.7.8.7. D.

1. Who is this, so weak and helpless, Child of low - ly Hebrew maid,

p

p dolce. *rall.*

Rudely in a sta - ble shelter'd, Coldly in a man-ger laid?

p dolce. *rall.*

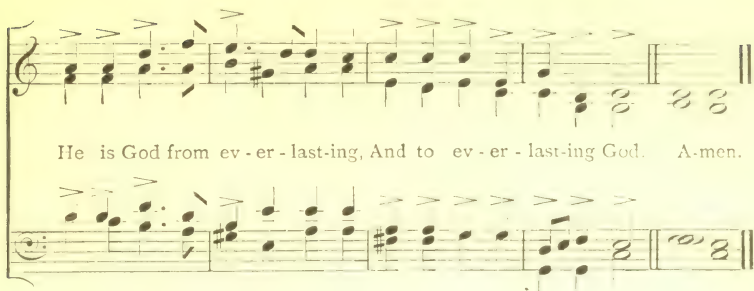
CHORUS (strongly accented).

ff

'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this wondrous path hath trod;

ff

WHO IS THIS, SO WEAK AND HELPLESS?



2.

Who is this, a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way;
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3.

Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this, despis'd, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

4.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God, Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

Bishop W. WALSHAM HOW (1867).

54 O Saviour dear, True Friend of man.

SUPPLICATION.

8.7.8.7. D.



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1.

O SAVIOUR dear, True Friend of man,
Whose mighty power hath made us;
Look down in pity and forgive,
Stretch forth Thine Hand to aid us!
Make us to feel the shame of sin,
Help us resist temptation,
To live our lives as manly men,
To work to bless our nation.

2.

Lord, guard our homes and keep them
From all that can enslave us; [free
Take from our hearts all thoughts of
From all things hurtful save us! [self,
Let truth and justice guide our steps,
Such helps shall surely serve us
To live as men who nothing fear;
O Mighty Jesu, nerve us!

3.

Lord, bless our wives and give us
To ever love them truly; [grace
Make us as fathers stedfast, firm,
To walk with Jesus duly,
So that our loved ones following on,
May find the way which leadeth
To those fair fields of joy and bliss,
Wherein Thy ransomed feedeth!

4.

Each other's burdens help us bear
Upon our shoulders bravely;
To share the griefs of poorer men
Be duties taken gravely;
To love and cherish what is right
This be our fixed endeavour;
Until we stand in Thy pure sight
Redeemed and saved for ever.

Amen.

55 Glorious things of thee are spoken.

SHENE.

8.7.8.7. D.

f

legato.

Cresc.

A-men.

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1.
 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He Whose word cannot be broken
 Form'd thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2.
 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ;
 Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age ?

3.
 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering—
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Thus they march, the pillar leading,
 Light by night and shade by day ;
 Daily on the manna feeding
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4.
 Saviour, since of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name.
 Fading is the world's best pleasure,
 All its boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

Amen.

KAWARTHA.

8.7.8.7. D. II.II.

mf

mf

♩ = 80. 1. All the hosts of Brit-ain-gath-er, One clear sig-nal all o-bey,

Ev-'ry Son and ev-'ry Father Hears his coun-try call to-day.

Ev-'ry Daughter, ev-'ry Mother Hears the mu-sic rise and fall.

Org.

cres.

Ev-'ry Sis-ter, ev-'ry Brother Knows the meaning of the call;

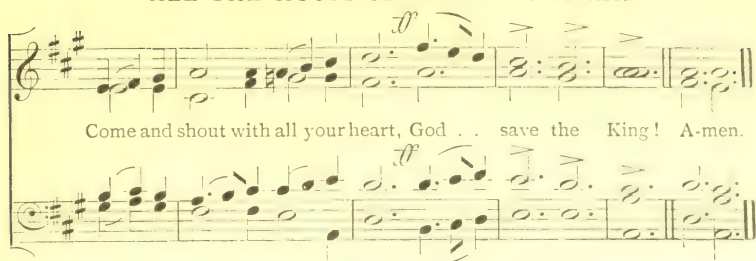
cres.

f

♩ = 126. 'Tis the Cor-on-a-tion call-ing Come, come and sing,

f

ALL THE HOSTS OF BRITAIN GATHER.



Come and shout with all your heart, God . . . save the King! A-men.

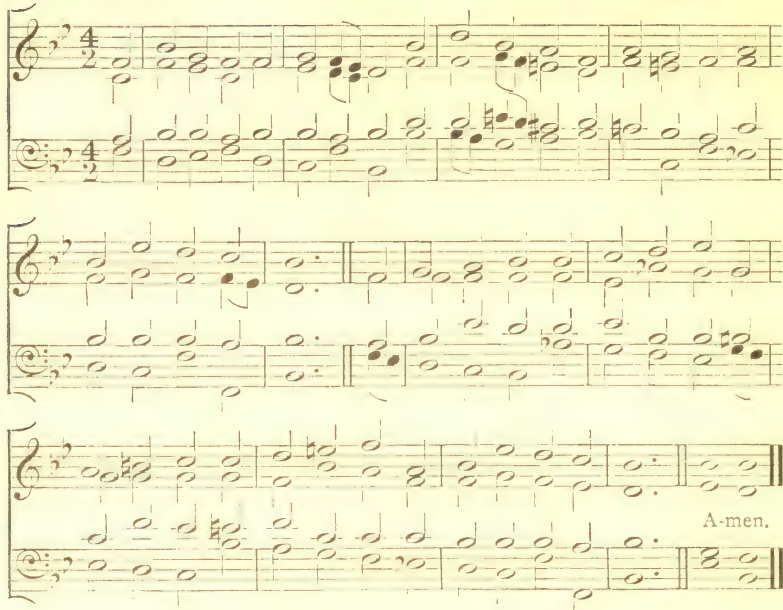
Copyright, 1902, by Novello and Company, Limited.

- 2 What is Freedom but the serving
Of a good and gracious lord,
When a People's love unswerving
Stands around him as a guard?
What is Kingship but the leading
Of a People to the Light,
When the King, God's statute heeding,
Treads, himself, the path of Right?
'Tis the Coronation calling Come and sing,
Come and shout with all your heart, God save the King!
- 3 What makes all the peace of Heaven
But the Justice of its King?
Whence shall Laws on earth be given,
Whence the streams of Justice spring?
They shall spring from Kingly Power,
Arming Right and Right alone,
They shall flow in gracious shower,
From the fountain of the Throne.
'Tis the Coronation calling Come and sing,
Come and shout with all your heart, God save the King!
- 4 Through the Land, as rivers flowing,
They shall bear their blessing wide,
Happy homes, as flowers growing,
Bloom and flourish by their side;
For the strong and proud shall fear them,
And the weak shall in them trust,
Safe shall be the humble near them
And the mighty shall be just.
'Tis the Coronation calling Come and sing,
Come and shout with all your heart, God save the King!
- 5 Rebel souls that know no order,
Rebel hearts that know no God,
Shall not come within our border,
Shall not stain a British sod.
But the loyal and the loving,
But the faithful and the free,
They shall be our friends and brothers
In whatever land they be.
'Tis the Coronation calling Come and sing,
Come and shout with all your heart, God save the King!
Amen.

57 Thou God of pow'r, and God of love.

MILDENHALL.

8.8.6.8.8.6.



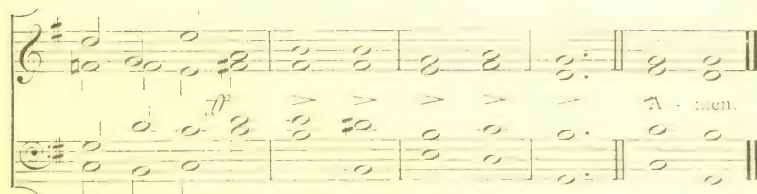
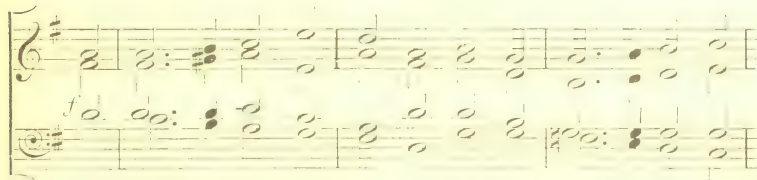
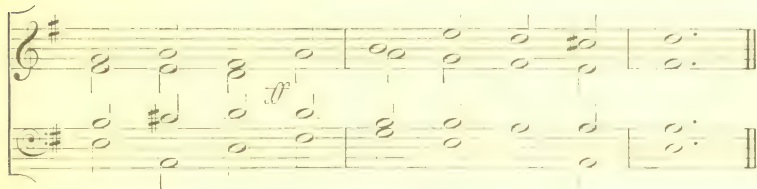
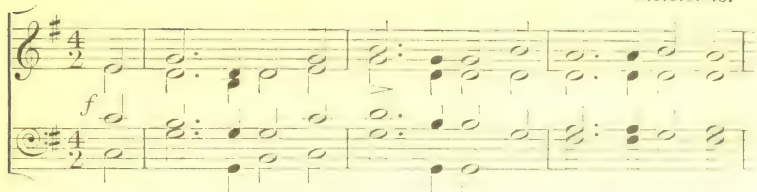
- 1 THOU God of pow'r, and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces, while they cry
"Thrice Holy!" to their God most High,
"Thrice Holy!" to their King.
- 2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious Name,
Through Whom this grace is given,
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms our ruined souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.
- 3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow Thine ear;
And while we listen to Thy word,
Or praise Thy Name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.
- 4 Give us to taste the joy and love,
Earnest of worship, Lord, above,
In heaven, Thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
That all assembled now may feel
The presence of our God. Amen.

JOHN WALKER (1814).

58 ○ joyful sound ! ○ glorious hour.

VICTORY.

S.S.6.S.S.6.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour,
When Christ, by His Almighty
power,
Arose and left the grave ! [tell,
Now let our songs His triumphs
Who broke the chains of death and
hell,
And ever lives to save.</p> | <p>2 The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise, His people's
Head,
Immortal life to bring :
What though the saints like Him
shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.</p> |
|---|--|

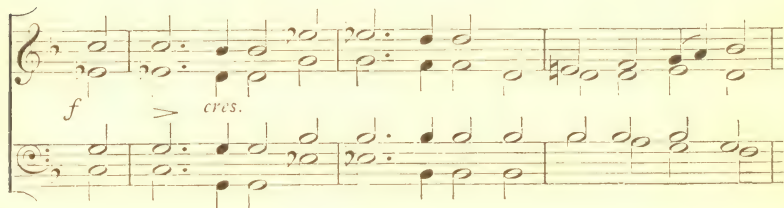
- 3 No more we tremble at the grave,
For He, Who died our souls to save,
Will raise our bodies too :
What though this earthly house shall fail,
The Saviour's power will yet prevail
And build it up anew. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY (1804).

59 O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art !

SHELOW.

8.8.6.8.8.6



1.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2.

Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3.

God only knows the love of God ;
O that it were now shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4.

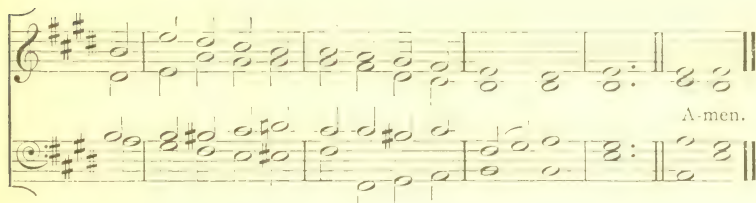
O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !—
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Amen.

60 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored.

UNTIL HE COME.

S.S.S.4.



1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come!

2 His Body slain upon the tree;
His Life-blood, shed for us, we see;
Thus faith shall read the mystery
Until He come!

3 And thus His dark betrayal night
With His last Advent we unite
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come;

4 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

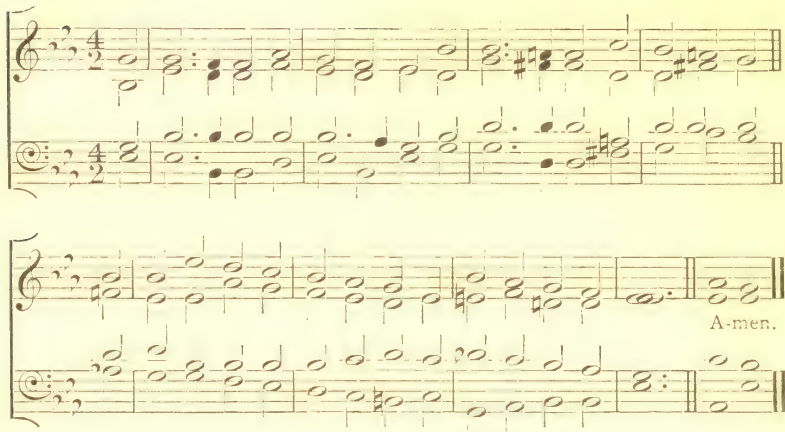
5 Oh, blessèd hope! With this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come! Amen.

GEORGE RAWSON (1857).

61 The Sabbath day has reached its close.

WOODLANDS.

8.8.8.6.



- 1 THE Sabbath day has reached its close!
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows;
Smile on my evening hour.
- 2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest;
Smile on my evening hour.
- 3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again!
Let heavenly dews descend like rain;
Smile on my evening hour.
- 4 O ever present, ever nigh
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;
Smile on my evening hour.
- 5 My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow;
Smile on my evening hour.
- 6 And oh! when life's short course shall end.
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

62 Father, in Whose Almighty hand.

CROWN OF YEARS.

S.S.S.S.—S.S.

Slowly.

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1.

FATHER, in Whose Almighty hand
The moments of our mortal day
Are as the running of the sand
Or like the clouds that melt
away;
At Thy command we draw our breath,
Thou givest life, Thou givest death.

2.

Holy inspirer of her will
That rules our land in righteous-
ness,
We thank Thee for the power that still
Preserves her life to guide and bless;
By Thee to-day Victoria wears
The diadem of eighty years.

3.

Thou in her crown of years hast set
The joys that sparkle, tears that
shine;
Make Thou its glory greater yet
With Heavenly lustre, grace divine;
Let only love its weight increase,
And every gem be lit with peace.

4.

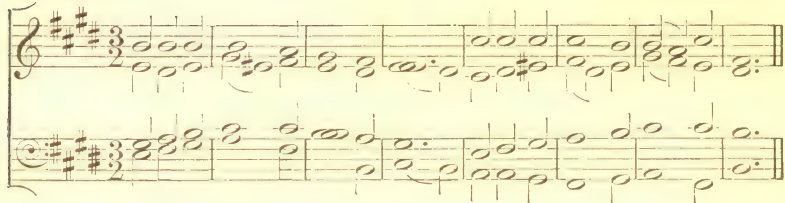
And when the lonely journey o'er,
Her faithful hand may leave the
helm,
When Queen upon that farther shore,
She enters to a wider realm;
Lord Jesus grant her crown to be
Thy crown of immortality. Amen.

Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

63 Come, O Thou Traveller unknown.

ISRAEL.

S.S.S.S.—S.S.



I.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

COME, O THOU TRAVELLER UNKNOWN.

3.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

4.*

What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong;
And, when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

5.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love?

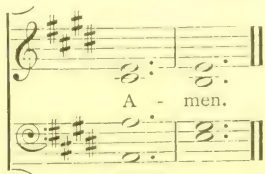
6.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name is Love.

7.*

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY (1742).

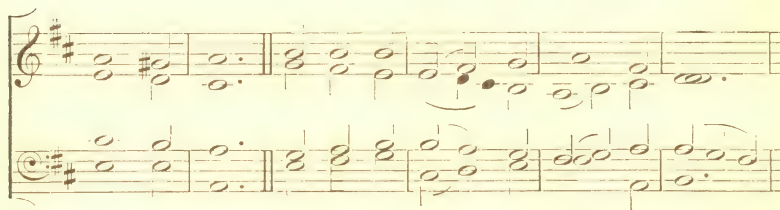


* Verses 4 and 7 may be omitted.

64 Faith of our fathers! living still.

HOLY FAITH.

8.8.8.8.—8.8.



FAITH OF OUR FATHERS! LIVING STILL.

1.

FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3.

Faith of our fathers! faith and prayer
Shall keep our country true to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
England shall thus indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

4.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER.

65 God of our fathers, known of old.

RECESSIONAL.

S.S.S.S.—S.S.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

f *mf*

cres.

Slower, solemnly.

dim. *mf*

p *pp* A - men.

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GOD OF OUR FATHERS, KNOWN OF OLD.

- 1 God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
- 2 The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
- 3 Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

*4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

- 5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING

* The last two verses may be omitted when sung in public worship.

GRATIAS DEO.

8.10.10.10.10.8.

Slow. UNISON.

HARMONY.

1. Thanks be to God, thanks be to God.

Bless - ed and on - ly Po - ten - tate Su - preme,

We laud and mag - ni - fy Thy glo - rious Name.

The vic - tor and the van-quish'd bow to Thee

"Who art, and wast, and art to come" the same.

THANKS BE TO GOD.

Slower. *molto rall.* *Repeat for Verses 2, 3, 4 and 5.*

Thanks be to God, thanks be to God

2.

Thou didst this Nation's crying sins forgive:
Thy Judgments, Famine, Pestilence, and War,
* Thou sendest on the earth that men may learn
How just and true Thy righteous dealings are!
Thanks be to God, thanks be to God.

3.

† "Not always by the swift the race is won,
Nor battle always gain'd by warriors strong—
O Mightiest of the mighty!" "Hitherto
‡ "Our Help Thou hast been," Now, Thou art our Song.
Thanks be to God, thanks be to God.

4.

At Whose resistless will and dread command
All war between the Nations needs must cease:
For Victory is gain'd by Thy Right Hand,
Who canst alone bestow a lasting Peace.
Thanks be to God, thanks be to God.

5.

No longer carnage shall pile up the dead,
Hush'd, now, the devastating cannon's roar;
For gentle Peace asserts her bloodless sway,
The war trump's echoing blast is heard no more.
Thanks be to God, thanks be to God.

Last verse.

Slower, solemnly. *rall.* *Tempo moderato.*

§ "Hear Thou from heav'n Thy dwell-ing place." O haste the days of

* Isaiah xvi. 9.

† Eccles. ix. 12.

‡ 1 Sam. vii. 12.

§ 2 Chron. vi. 30.

THANKS BE TO GOD.

bro-ther-hood and love, When men no more with blood their swords shall stain.

When suf-fer - ings and strife shall be un-known, When nations learn to

Slow. *cres. molto rall.*
own Mes - si - ah's reign. All praise to Thee, Al-might - y
cres. molto rall.

ff
God. Al - - le - lu - ia. . . A - - men.

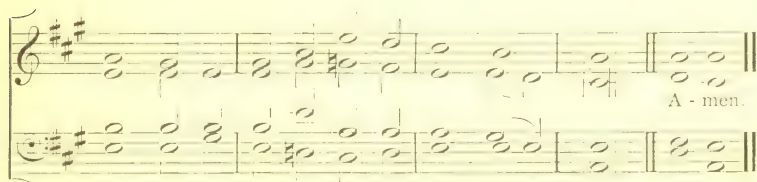
Rev. S. CHILDS CLARKE.

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67 'Tis come, the day of exultation!

EXULTATION.

9.8.9.8.



1.
'Tis come, the day of exultation!
The day for which the ages yearn'd;
When Christ, the Hope of all creation,
The Mighty God, to Heaven re-
turned.

2.
God is gone up on high ascending,
His rightful throne once more to fill,
And all the realms of bliss unending
Are ringing with His welcome still.

3.
On that great battlefield victorious,
Where Satan fell, He took His
prey;—
A deathless body, risen and glorious,
Before His Father to display.

4.
From yonder cloud our King Im-
mortal
Speaks hope to each believing soul:
His touch unbars the long-closed
portal,—
The gates of Eden backward roll.

5.
O joy, all other joys exceeding!
The Virgin-Born, our Very Own.—
Past all the shame, the Cross, the
bleeding, the Throne,
Ascends at last His Father's

6.
Then to our Champion of Salvation
All thanks and praises let us pay;
Who, Firstfruits of His ransomed
nation, [day.
Hath borne our flesh on high to—

7.
For on this day of days 'tis given
To men to share in angels' mirth;
They joy that He is come to heaven,
And we that He forsook not earth.

8.
Lord, give us grace, as Thou hast
bidden,
In works of love to wait for Thee;
Our life with Thine in God be hidden,
That where Thou art we yet may
be. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

68 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

10.4.10.4.

- 1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road,
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet :
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night ;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

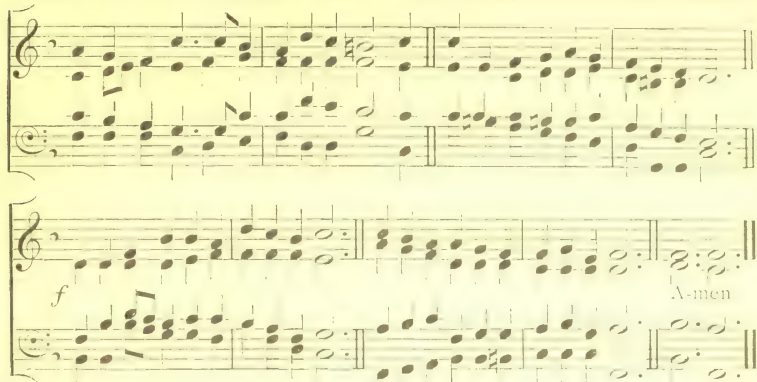
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

69 Safe on the shore when wild waves are roaring.

Lux.

10.8.10.10.10.10.

SAFE ON THE SHORE WHEN WILD WAVES ARE ROARING.

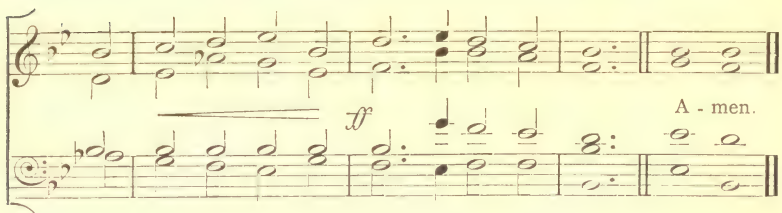


- 1 SAFE on the shore when wild waves are roaring,
Safe in the tent when war trumpets bray,
How can we sing of the men who, exploring
Lands inaccessible, far far away,
Say to the people enshrouded in night—
"Lo! it is breaking, the dawn of the light"?
- 2 Nay, from the shore we *are* watching their daring,
Crossing with them the dim fathomless seas,
Longing in all that they do to be sharing,
Tracing their steps, day by day on our knees.
Nay, we are waging, we here, the same war:
'Tis the same banner, the same guiding Star.
- 3 Years ago, where the Sun rises in glory,
Years ago, where he goes down in his might,
Nations were waiting, spellbound, for the story
How the Christ came to turn darkness to light.
Now the bright tidings are wafted afar,
Fast flies the light from the glad Morning Star.
- 4 Far in the North the grim ice-girdled mountains
Rise like a rampart, implacably strong;
Far to the South the soft sun-spangled fountains
Trill to the silence unsyllabled song.
Here now is bartered the gold without dross,
Here now is planted the life-giving Cross.
- 5 Years ago, years ago, darkness was lying
Dense on the continent shapeless and vast;
Africa's portion was sorrow and sighing,
Borne on the wings of the pitiless blast.
Now, ye dark peoples, no longer be sad!
Burst are your fetters! Arise and be glad!
- 6 Praise be to those who went forth pioneering,
Eager to hear the call, swift to obey;
Praise to the wisdom which, heedfully steering,
Ordered aright their adventurous way!
Heralds of Jesus! Oh, faint not nor fear,
Long is the night, but the Dayspring is near.

Lord of health and life, what
tongue can tell.

CHILTON FOLIAT.

Four 10's.



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O LORD OF HEALTH AND LIFE, WHAT TONGUE CAN TELL.

I.

O LORD of health and life, what tongue can tell
How at Thy word were loosed the bands of hell;
How Thy pure touch removed the leprous stain,
And the polluted flesh grew clean again?

2.

O wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make us whole;
O bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee;
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

3.

Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy love,
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain remove;
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.

4.

We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace:
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy Face;
So, when that Face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

5.

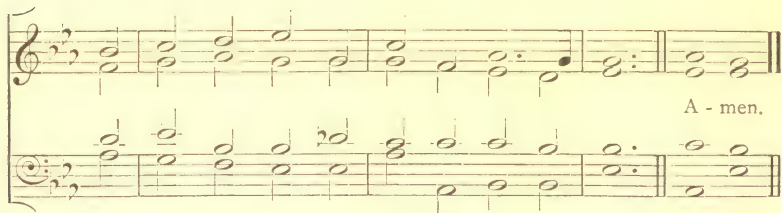
Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in Thy Father's home,
And at Thy great Epiphany adore
The co-eternal Godhead evermore. Amen.

GREVILLE PHILLIMORE.

71 O God, our Father, in compassion hear.

PEASEMORE.

Four 10's.



A - men.

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O GOD, OUR FATHER, IN COMPASSION HEAR.

- 1 O GOD, our Father, in compassion hear
Our prayer to Thee, and in Thy love draw near;
Forgive our sin, and ever with us stay
In cloud or sunshine through the live-long day.
- 2 Come, Lord, and bless this Parish with the grace
Which helps Thy children in the Christian race:
Breathe on dead souls, and rouse them into life;
Give courage, hope, and conquest in the strife.
- 3 Prevent the young: their faltering footsteps guide,
And for their weakness heavenly help provide;
Be Thou their strength, as years on years increase,
And to the aged give Thy heavenly peace.
- 4 Let all our brethren in this Parish feel
That Thou, alone, canst all our evils heal:
Draw them to seek Thee in Thy House of Prayer,
And to Thy footstool all their burdens bear.
- 5 Our clergy bless, and teach them souls to win,
To guide the wanderers from the paths of sin:
Give them their people's love, and reverence due;
And, when downcast, their fading hopes renew.
- 6 Make us receive their message, which is Thine,
And clothe the Living Word with power Divine:
And to our souls do Thou Thyself present,
As we partake the Holy Sacrament.
- 7 Bless all who labour in Thy sacred cause
With loyal hearts to teach Thy holy laws;
Give them Thy light, without which all is night,
Till faith and hope be lost in perfect sight,
- 8 Dear Father, by Thy Spirit help us now
With deep humility the knee to bow;
And when, at last, of death we cross the ford,
Take us to dwell with Thee through Christ our Lord. Amen.

REV. W. CUNLIFFE.

72 Almighty Father! dwelling in the light.

PATER OMNIPOTENS.

Six 10's.

Rather slowly.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. Tempo marking: *Rather slowly.* Metronome marking: $\text{♩} = 72, mf$.

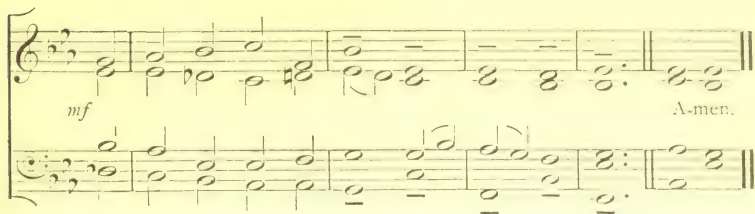
Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. Crescendo marking: *cres.*

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. Dynamic marking: *f*.

ALMIGHTY FATHER! DWELLING IN THE LIGHT.



1.

ALMIGHTY Father! dwelling in the light
Of greater suns than beat on earthly thrones,
'Tis Thou hast raised our empire to its height,
And every heart Thy power and glory owns.

Eternal praise Thy faithful children bring,
O crown with blessings our belovèd King.

2.

O unity of never failing power,
Give us the mother in the son to-day,
And shed, blest Spirit, in his needful hour,
Thy sanctifying influence on his way.

Eternal praise Thy faithful children bring,
O crown with blessings our belovèd King.

3.

Fount of all wisdom, with Thy Heavenly light,
Illume and guide Thy servant on the road
Of this life's pilgrimage, to read aright
His people's welfare and his work for God.

Eternal praise Thy faithful children bring,
O crown with blessings our belovèd King.

4.

King of all Kings, throned in eternal state,
Stablish and strengthen King and people, then
In strength and peace our lands and seas shall wait
The consummation of Thy Great Amen.

Eternal praise Thy faithful children bring,
O crown with blessings our belovèd King. Amen.

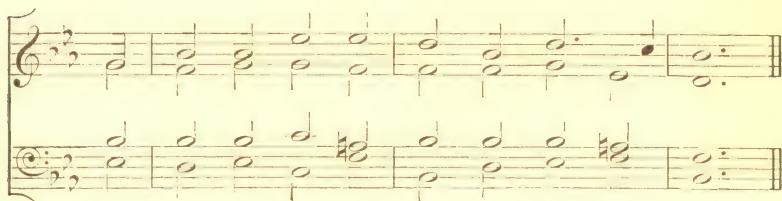
Rev. W. T. SAWARD.

73 With glad thanksgiving in our hearts we bring.

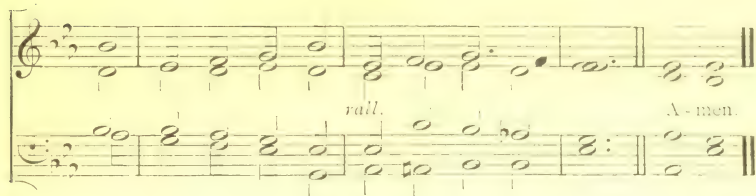
PEACE.

Six 10's.

Cheerfully.



WITH GLAD THANKSGIVING IN OUR HEARTS WE BRING.



1.

With glad thanksgiving in our hearts we bring
Our praises to our Father's Courts, and sing
Thine is the victory, Lord, and Thine the power,
A very present help in danger's hour :
And as we prayed from war's stern hand release ;
So now we bless Thee for Thy gift of peace.

2.

We praise Thee for our heroes in the strife,
Those who for Queen and Country gave their life :
Those who with healing art or gentle care,
Strove to relieve the sufferings of the war :
Thy mercy, Lord, to them and us be shown,
That all be re-united round Thy throne.

3.

Thy Spirit's influence shed on every heart,
That envy, hatred, malice may depart,
To those who were our foes bring kindlier thought,
And bless to *all* the freedom that we sought :
So in Thine Own good time shall they and we
As brethren dwell in love and unity.

4.

THEN,—when earth's night is past and morning come,
With all Christ's faithful soldiers gathered home,
In rest eternal and perpetual light
We weary not in singing day and night,—
To Father Son and Holy Spirit blest,
Unceasing praise and worship be address'd. Amen.

MARTIN S. SKEFFINGTON.

74 O worship the King, all glorious above.

BILLINGBEAR.

10.10.11.11.



O WORSHIP THE KING, ALL GLORIOUS ABOVE.

1.

O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

6.

O Measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

Sir ROBERT GRANT.

75 God the all-terrible! King, Who ordainest.

DEUS OMNIPOTENS.

11.10.11.9.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into four systems. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The third system is marked *Slower.* and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The fourth system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic, a *pp* (pianissimo) marking, and the text 'A - men.' written above the final notes.

- 1 God the all-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, lightning Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY.

'Twas the Spirit of God.

CREATION.

13.12.13.12.

1. 'Twas the Spi - rit of God
 2. 'Twas the Spi - rit of God
Slowly and smoothly.

. . . that mov'd o - ver the wa - ters That all sun - less and
 . . . that o'er-shadow'd the maid - en, When the world with gross

life - - - less for a - ges had slept,
 dark - - - ness and sad - ness was vexed.

Ere the new world re - joiced
 Ere the Sa - viour pro - claimed

'T WAS THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

. . with her sons and her daugh - ters,
 . . to man-kind, sor-row - la - den,

- joiced with her sons and her daugh - ters, Ere the first song was
 - claimed to man-kind, sor-row - la - den, The good ti-dings of

sung or the first . . . tear was wept.
 joy for this life . . . and the next.

3. 'Twas the Spi - rit of God
 4. May the Spi - rit of God,

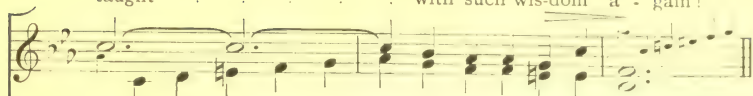
3. 'Twas the Spi - rit of
 4. May the Spi - rit of

. . that on Pen - te - cost morn - ing
 . . still as might-y as ev - er, Fill'd the Twelve with the
 Fill the teach-er and

God that on Pen - te - cost morn - ing
 God, still as might-y as ev - er,

'T WAS THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

wis - dom of prophets of old,
taught with such wis-dom a - gain!



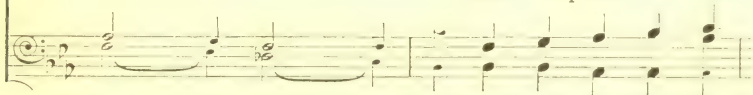
Fill'd the Twelve with the wis - dom of prophets of old,
Fill the teach - er and taught with such wisdom a - gain!



When the stran - gers that came
For the power of the Com



When the stran - gers that
For the power of the



from the set - ting and dawn - ing
fort - er slum - ber - eth nev - er,



came from the set - ting and dawn - ing Car - ried forth the glad
Com - fort - er slum - ber - eth nev - er, Nor the light in the



rit. Dal '8 for verse 4.



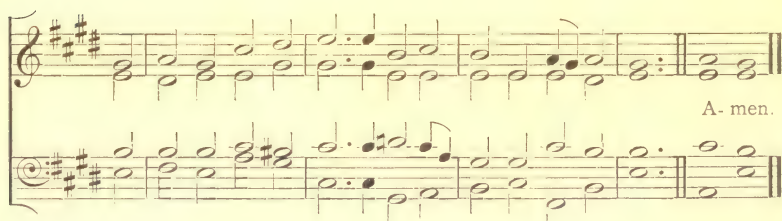
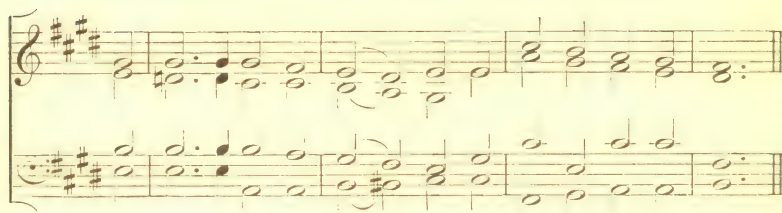
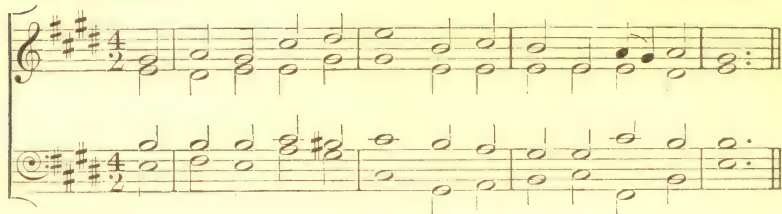
news the A - pos - - - tles had told.
Ho - ly of Ho - - - lies doth wane. A - men.



REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS.

ST. MARGARET.

I3.I3.I3.I4.



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FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY!

1.

FROM glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway, we bravely march along!
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

2.

From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

3.

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright'ning day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

4.

And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty Love to know

5.

O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

6.

Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

78 'Mid the tramp of surging nations.

LAUS.

Four 15's.

UNISON.

f

HARMONY.

ff

A-men.

'MID THE TRAMP OF SURGING NATIONS.

1.

'Mid the tramp of surging nations, through the rise and rack of spheres,
Evermore a glad thanksgiving on His Throne Jehovah hears,
O'er the rage of war and tumult, o'er the sounds of sin and hate,
Like the frankincense ascending till it reaches mercy's gate.

2.

First in heaven itself it riseth, whence the wheeling Cherubim
Through the endless realms of space are scattering wide the praise of Him
Who, in mystic glory shrouded, bendeth all things to His will—
"Holy, Holy, Holy" sing they till the thrilling vault they fill.

3.

"Holy, Holy, Holy" sing they who in Paradise are blest,
Ever praising Christ Who saved them from a world of wild unrest;
Waiting calmly till the angels wake the long-expected day
When shall cease all pain and sighing, and all tears be wiped away.

4.

Lo, they wait for us their loved ones, still by them remembered well,
Whom the narrow streamlet severs from the silence where they dwell;
Till, our time of trial ended, we shall press their hands once more,
See those eyes we closed so sadly, at the parting on the shore.

5.

Saints on earth the song re-echo, saints of every race and birth,
From all lands and times it riseth till it girdeth all the earth,
From the shores of every ocean where the white cliffs ageless lower,
From the track of fevered deserts, or where silver mountains tower.

6.

From the quiet sleeping village, from the lonely isles afar,
From the plains where all-forgotten mighty cities buried are,
From beneath the Southern Cross, and from the raging seas 'tis poured,
Where the sailors lapt in danger see the wonders of the Lord.

7.

Lo, all nature joins the chorus, nature radiant in its might;
Hills and valleys, wells and fountains, sun and stars, and day and night;
Beasts and fishes praise their Maker, birds rejoicing 'mid the trees;
Glorious nature heavenward pouring voiceless benedictes.

8.

Some day all these voices joining shall unite to praise their King,
Pouring in triumphant chorus all creation's offering;
When all jarring discords silenced cease as cease the storms at last.
When all sin and rage are ended, and all sadnesses are past.

9.

To the Three in One Eternal our imperfect praise we bring,
Singing here on earth the chorus we in heaven erewhile shall sing,
To the Father, Son, and Spirit, ever One and ever Three—
"Holy, Holy, Holy" raising to the Blessèd Trinity.

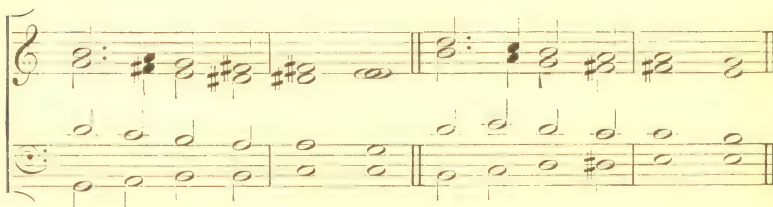
REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS.



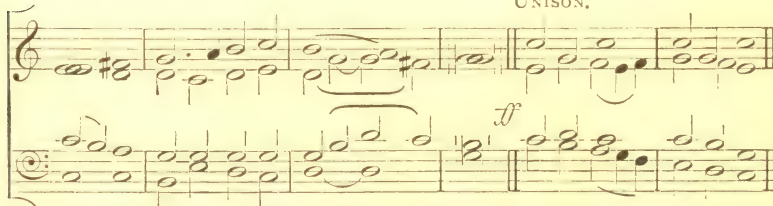
God reveals His presence.

COMPTON.

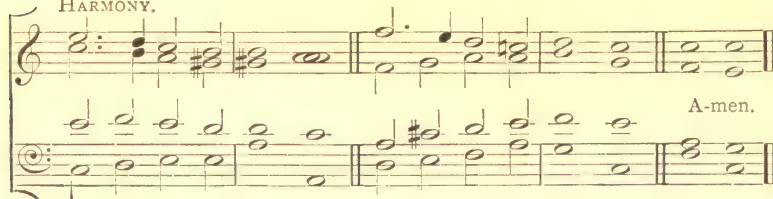
Irregular.



UNISON.



HARMONY.



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GOD REVEALS HIS PRESENCE.

- 1 God reveals His presence :
 Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
 God is in His temple :
 All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
 Him alone
 God we own,
 Him our God and Saviour :
 Praise His Name for ever.
- 2 God reveals His presence :
 Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding ;
 Holy, holy, holy !
 Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
 Bow Thine ear
 To us here ;
 Hear O Christ, the praises
 That Thy Church now raises.
- 3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
 Purify my spirit :
Trusting only in Thy merit ;
 Like the holy angels
 Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
 Let Thy will
 Ever still
 Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
 As the hosts celestial.
- 4 Jesus, dwell within me ;
 Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary ;
 Then, on angel pinions,
 Waft me to those regions,
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
 May this hope
 Bear me up
 Till these eyes for ever
 Gaze on Thee, my Saviour. Amen.

TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* F. W. FOSTER and J. MILLER.

A LYRIC OF THE FIVE AGES OF THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Irregular.

Allegretto. p

I.—CORONATION. Fair face of morn : sweet eyes of Spring ; Girl touch new

laid . . on power : A fu - ture, past im - ag - in -

Faster. mf

- ing . . Striking its first . . full hour ; Meek heart and

rall. p

brave, In ba-lance just : In pre-sence grave, A soul of trust.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

II.—WOMANHOOD.

Meridian sheen in summer home :
Ripe glory to the vine,
Fair fruitage to the olive come :
A wifehood half divine :—
Withal a mien.
August as mild :
Each breath a queen,
Each pulse a child.

III.—WIDOWHOOD.

Storm-wind, death-plumed for scath or wreck,
Seas fain to overwhelm :
Yet one strong Pilot on the deck,
Sweet Patience at the helm :—
A far-off gaze
In faithful eyes :
Delight of days,
Not *Duty*, dies.

IV.—AGE.

A winter crowned : a sunset wide
Of diamond sheen and glow ;
Song on the calm outsetting tide
More full than at the flow :—
Fulness of days :
The lands along
Love's opal rays,
Love's evening song.

V.—NATIONAL MEMORY.

Far on in tune—to all of time—
Foresee proud England's eyes
A cynosure for every clime,
A light in all her skies,
This Star serene
Of womanhood :
Empress and Queen
The Great : the Good.

Rev. S. J. STONE.

They ring with joyful salutation.

*Animato.*

- 1 THEY ring with joyful salutation,
 The merry bells to-day;
 They sing the song of man's salvation,
 And hate flees far away,
 And only they can sing that song
 Who boldly fight 'gainst hate and wrong:
 Noel, Noel, the song of peace;
 Noel, that nevermore shall cease.
- 2 The first to hear the angels singing,
 Were lowly shepherd men;
 And Christmas bells to-day are ringing
 To such as they again.
 For only they can sing that song
 Who boldly fight 'gainst hate and wrong.
 Noel, Noel, the song of peace;
 Noel, that nevermore shall cease.

THEY RING WITH JOYFUL SALUTATION.

- 3 Then hush the sounds of hate and malice,
And drive away the bad;
The good wine fills the golden chalice,
The wine that maketh glad.
And only they that cup shall drink
Who cleanly act and cleanly think:
Noel, shall sing the pure in heart;
Noel, who choose the better part.
- 4 The world is sick of strife and sorrow,
And yearns with watchful eye
To greet the long-delayed to-morrow,
When rage and pain shall die.
When all at last shall sing that song,
Triumphant over hate and wrong:
Noel, Noel, the song of peace;
Noel, that nevermore shall cease.
- 5 Once more we hear the Christmas greeting,
And hand is clasping hand,
The angels still their song repeating,
With joy float o'er the land:
And all who will, may sing their song,
Who boldly fight 'gainst hate and wrong:
Noel, Noel, the song of peace;
Noel, that nevermore shall cease.
- 6 Then rise at length, O troublèd brothers,
And act as well as sing:
The work is yours and not another's,
Then gather round your King;
Nor be content to sing that song,
But boldly fight 'gainst hate and wrong:
Noel, Noel, the song of peace;
Noel, that nevermore shall cease.
- 7 For best of all the gifts He prizeth
A heart that loveth all;
That stills the hate that proudly riseth,
And helpeth those that fall.
Then may'st thou sing the angel's song,
With faith that lives, and purpose strong:
Noel, Noel, the song of peace;
Noel, that nevermore shall cease.

From "The Commonwealth."

82 I sing the Birth was born to-night.

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

1. I sing the Birth was
2. The Son of God, th'e-

f

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

mf *cres.* *f*

born to-night, The Au - thor both of life and light, The
- ter - nal King, That did us all sal - va - tion bring, And

cres.

An - gels so did sound it, the An - gels so did
freed the soul from dan - ger and freed the soul from

cres.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 6/8 time and G major. The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords and moving lines. The vocal parts have a simple, hymn-like melody. Dynamics include *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Cheerfully, but not too fast.'

I SING THE BIRTH WAS BORN TO-NIGHT.

sound it, so did sound . . . it.
dan - ger, freed from dan . . . ger.

The like the ra - vish'd
He whom the whole world

shep-herds said, Who saw the light and were a-fraid, Yet
could not take, The Word which heav'n and earth did make, Was

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes dynamic markings *ff* and *ff*. The second system includes *p* and *w*. The third system includes *p* and *w*. The fourth system includes *p* and *w*. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

I SING THE BIRTH WAS BORN TO-NIGHT.

searched, and true they found it, yet searched, and true they
now laid in a man - ger, was now laid in a

cres.

rall. e p *D.C. for 2nd verse.*

found it, true they found it, . . and true they found it.
man-ger, in a man - ger, . . laid in a man - ger.

rall. e p *D.C. for 2nd verse.*

f

3. What com - fort do we

f

mf *cres.* *f*

I SING THE BIRTH WAS BORN TO-NIGHT.

by Him win, Who made Him - self the price of sin, To

cres.
make us heirs of glo - ry, to make us heirs of

glo - ry, heirs of glo - ry?

ff *ff*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo). The tempo is not explicitly marked, but the notation suggests a moderate, steady pace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major or B minor. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "by Him win, Who made Him - self the price of sin, To make us heirs of glo - ry, to make us heirs of glo - ry, heirs of glo - ry?". The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more active, melodic line in the left hand. The overall mood is solemn and reverent.

I SING THE BIRTH WAS BORN TO-NIGHT.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line (treble and bass staves) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "To see this Babe, all in - no-cence, A Mar - tyr born in our de-fence, Can man for-get the sto - ry, can man for - get, can". The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *w* (forte), and articulation marks like slurs and accents. The piano part features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

To see this Babe, all

in - no-cence, A Mar - tyr born in our de-fence, Can

man for-get the sto - ry, can man for - get, can

I SING THE BIRTH WAS BORN TO-NIGHT.

man for - get the sto - ry, . . for - get the

rall. e p

sto - ry? Can man . .

Same time, solemnly.

p

Same time, - 72.

p

for - get . . the sto - ry?

rall. *pp*

rall. *pp*

Last night as I lay sleeping.

1. Last night as I lay sleep - ing, When
 2. "Thy bo - dy is at rest, dear boy, Thy
 3. "My - self and all the heaven - ly host Were
 4. Like Him be true, like Him be pure, Like

mf

all . . my prayers were said, . . With my guard-ian an - gel
 soul be free from sin ; . . I'll shield thee from the
 keep - ing watch of old, . . And saw the shep-herds
 Him be full of love ; . . Seek not thine own, and

keep - ing His watch a - bove my head ; . . I
 world's an-oy, And breathe pure words with - in . . The
 at their posts, And all the sheep in fold. . . Then
 so se-cure, Thine arm that is . . a - bove, . . And

cres.

LAST NIGHT AS I LAY SLEEPING.

heard his sweet voice car - ol - ing, Full
 ho - ly Christ - mas - tide is nigh, The
 told we with a joy - ful cry, The
 still when Christ - mas - tide draws nigh, Sing

p

soft - ly on . . my ear, . . . A song for Chris-tian
 sea - son of Christ's birth; . . }
 ti - dings of Christ's birth; . . } "Glo - ry be to
 thou of Je - su's birth; . . } *cres.* *poco rall.*

cres. *poco rall.*

boys to sing, For Chris - tian men to hear. . .
 God on high, And peace to men on earth." . .

pp a tempo

pp a tempo

Allegretto e semplice.

mf Ma - ny hundred years a - go, Came to Da - vid's town,
Allegretto e semplice.

cres. *dim.*
Travellers two whom none did know, Wandering up and down.

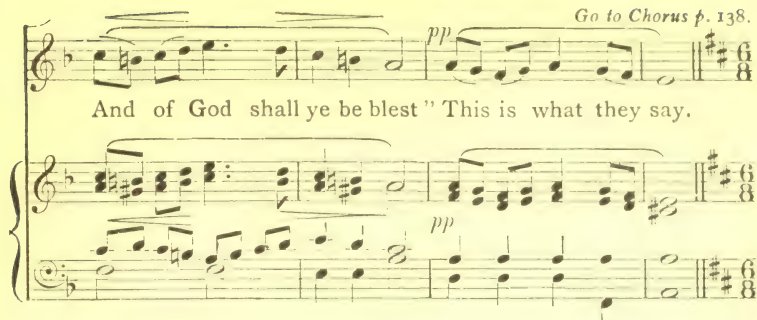
cres. *dim.*

mf " Give us, pri - thee, place to rest, Long hath been our way,

mf

MANY HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Go to Chorus p. 138.



And of God shall ye be blest " This is what they say.

2.

But the folk they heeded not,
Turned them from their door,
Little kindliness they got,
Though their need was sore.
Till among the beasts they found,
Rest that men denied ;
Straw their bed upon the ground,
Oxen by their side.
All around, &c.

4.

Sudden as they came they went,
Wending fast and far,
When the darkness shelter lent,
When awoke each star ;
While the tramp of armed feet,
Nearing frightened them,
Sent by him in David's seat
From Jerusalem.
All around, &c.

3.

There the Son of God was born,
As the great sun rose,
On the happy Christmas morn,
As the whole world knows.
Cradled in the manger-bed,
Angels round Him fall
Shepherds in the cattle-shed,
Greet Him Lord of all.
All around, &c.

5.

So the babe across the sand
Into Egypt came,
Driven from His Father's land
Pity 'twas and shame !
Will ye drive Him from your
Christian men to-day ? [door,
Shall He wander forth once
On His weary way ? [more,
All around, &c.

MANY HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Giojoso. *cres.*

All a-round the world to-day, Bells are ring-ing blithe and gay,

Giojoso. *f* *cres.*

sf sf sf sf

Ring - ing, ring - ing. While a-bove the heavens high,

mf sf mf

cres. *f*

An-gel voi-ces fill the sky, Sing - ing, sing - ing.

cres. *f*

BERNARD REYNOLDS.



